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"For my own part I cannot
content myself within the
narrow limits of a single reef"
J. Williams.

THE

MARTYR MISSIONARY

OF

ERROMANGA;

OR

THE LIFE OF JOHN WILLIAMS,

WHO WAS MURDERED AND EATEN BY THE SAVAGES IN ONE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

FROM THE LONDON EDITION

REWRITTEN AND ABRIDGED FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, AND REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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Note.—The Compiler of this Abridgment desires to state distinctly that the author of the original biography ought not to be held responsible for any of the faults in style which the critical reader may detect, as the work of abridgment has necessarily required great alteration in language, as well as the omission of much interesting matter. The larger volume, by Ebenezer Prout, reprinted in this country, is one of the most elegant biographies which the missionary enterprise has been instrumental in giving to the world.

THE

MARTYR MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER I.

The Martyr—His birth—Pious mother—His boyhood—Fond of his sisters—An apprentice—Faithful to his employer—His remarkable conversion—Sunday school teacher.

The good missionary, whose life we are about to review, was cruelly murdered and eaten by the savages of one of the South Sea islands. When the news of his dreadful death reached our country and Great Britain, it filled the hearts of Christians with bitter sorrow, for he was one of the best and most useful missionaries ever sent to the heathen.

His name was John Williams. Many incidents of his early life are of peculiar in-

terest and full of encouragement and instruction to the young, and when he went abroad to carry the gospel to the poor Pagans who finally killed him, he met with so many remarkable adventures, that there is not to be found in the whole catalogue of missionary narratives, one that is more entertaining and useful for the youthful reader.

John Williams was born in the neighbourhood of London, June 29, 1796. He was blessed with a pious mother. She was a member of the Rev. Mr. Romaine's church, and loved the truths of the gospel as they were faithfully preached by that excellent man. The parents of John Williams were not rich, and they could give him no more than a common education. Indeed he learned little at school except reading, writing and arithmetic. He was, however, a boy of bright, active mind, and was never satisfied with merely learning the lesson that was given him; but he was always trying to learn something else, and was in the habit of asking his parents and friends to help him in thus obtaining useful knowledge. Most children think they do quite enough if they know how to say their lessons, but the more John Williams learned, the more he wanted to

learn. Yet he was not thought to be a boy of uncommon mind; he was not smarter—more quick to learn—than other boys; but having a desire to make progress in knowledge, he learned more than many others who had greater capacities than himself.

One thing I must not forget to mention. He was not only fond of his book, but he was also fond of his sisters, and loved to please them. If any thing was to be done about the house, or errands abroad, it was always said, "John will do it," and John was always ready when called, to leave his book, or his play, to wait upon his sisters, or any of the family.

John's mother was well fitted to bring up her children for usefulness. She was kind but firm, mild but strict, in the government of her children. Thus they learned to respect and to love her, and she found no difficulty in securing their attention to the plans which she early adopted to bring them under the power of religion. Every morning and evening she led them to her own chamber, and there taught them out of the Bible and commended them to God in prayer. These seasons of maternal instruction made a deep impression on their minds, and were afterwards often referred to

by her son. In all the wanderings of his life, he was never able to forget those hours of prayer. Nor did he wish to forget them. They were among the sweetest recollections of his youth, and he loved to cherish them.

John's father was not a pious man, and did not assist in training up his children in the fear of the Lord. But the fidelity of Mrs. Williams was followed with such success, that mothers who are often discouraged, as she sometimes was, by a father's indifference, may take courage, and believe that in due season they shall see the fruit of their labours. Many were her anxieties and fears, for she saw no immediate answer to her prayers. Still she did not despair, though she never thought what great results were to follow her simple instructions. Little did she imagine when her children were clustering around her knees, and listening to the words that fell from her lips, that she was training up one of the most useful missionaries of the cross, and that distant tribes and future generations would rise up and call her blessed.

While John remained at home under the watchful care of his mother, he was kept from evil company and he formed no habits of vice.

Indeed at this early period of life, the pious instructions of that good mother appear to have exerted a decidedly religious influence upon his tender heart. From his earliest years he feared and hated a lie. What a precious fact is this for youth to remember, and what an example for them to imitate. *He was never known to tell a lie!* Now that he is dead and gone, and after he has done many and wonderful things among the heathen, by which his name is known all over the world, yet those who write his life, think it one of the most delightful facts in his history to record, that he was never known to tell a lie!

That the young reader may see what an effect the instructions of his mother had upon his mind, the following prayers and hymns which were written by himself, at a very early period, and were daily used by him, are here recorded.

THE MORNING PRAYER.

I thank thee, O Lord! for the life which thou hast given me, and which thou art still preserving. Thou hast watched over me while I have been asleep, and hast permitted me to

see the light of another day. Oh! forgive me whatever I have thought, whatever I have said, and whatever I have done amiss in time past; and keep me from displeasing thee in time to come. Do good, O Lord! to my friends and relations; teach me how to love thee; teach me how to pray as I ought, and as I get older, may I get wiser and better; fit me for doing thy will here on earth, and fit me for heaven, that happy place where thou art, and to thee be all the praise for ever. Amen.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

O Lord! I thank thee for thy goodness to me through all the day, for the light of the sun, for the food which I have eaten, for the clothes that I have worn, and for the air which I have breathed; but pardon, O Lord! all my sins, my thoughtlessness, my forgetfulness of thee; and all my wrong words and actions, remember them not against me. O Lord! help me to think of thee oftener, to understand the instructions that are given me, and to obey my parents, and to love those who are set over me. Be with me through the night, and grant me that rest which is needful for my health. Hear my prayers, and answer in mercy. Amen.

THE MORNING HYMN.

Soon as the sun ascends the sky,
His light and heat to shed;
I would not any longer lie,
And slumber in my bed.

With open eyes and gladsome heart,
I welcome in the day;
I throw my bed-clothes all apart,
And rise, and kneel, and pray.

For when the little birds unite,
Their morning song to raise;
So little boys should take delight,
Their Maker too to praise.

He gave the little bird his wings,
On which he mounts the sky;
He taught him all the notes he sings,
And built his nest on high.

He gave me life, and to prolong
The life my God affords,
He taught my mind to think, and tongue
To tell my thoughts in words.

For this, my kind preserver! thou
Shall hear my frequent praise;
To thee I'll daily learn to bow,
And give my youngest days.

THE EVENING HYMN.

The sun that lately filled the skies,
With all his sparkling rays;
Now hides his glories from our eyes,
And night comes on apace.

And now to him who made the sun,
And taught him when to rise,
Who showed him in what course to run
Across the glaring skies;

Who gave the gentle moon to cheer
The still and gloomy night;
Like a large pearl 'mong diamonds clear,
She looks and sheds her light.

To him, Oh! let my willing tongue
Send up the grateful strain;
And let my heart join in the song,
Or all my praise is vain.

His name, just learnt, his name I love,
How sweet it is to know,
That God, who made the world above,
Made me and all below.

Asleep, awake, that he sustains,
And feeds my tender frame.
He sends the blood through all my veins,
I live and move in him.

Now grant, my Maker! from this hour,
More and more knowledge still;
And since I've learnt thy name and power,
Oh! let me know thy will.

In the year 1810, when John was fourteen years of age, he was bound as an apprentice, to Mr. Tonkin, an iron merchant in London. Mr. T. carried on the business of manufacturing iron-ware, and it was agreed between him and the parents of John, that their son should be trained to the commercial part of the business, and be free from its more laborious and mechanical parts. His station was behind the counter and the desk, and not at the forge or the bench, that he might learn to sell and not to make the articles that were in the store.

Most boys would like this so well, that they would prefer altogether to stay in the store and sell things, rather than to blow the bellows, and hammer with the sledge, in the blacksmith's shop. But John was determined to be master of his business, and when he was not required to be in his place in the store, instead of running off to play in the streets, he would go into the shop, and watch every stroke of the hammer to learn the way in which the various articles were made, and when the men

were gone to their meals he would take hold and practise what he had seen others doing. This course was often repeated, and in this way he taught himself, in a very short time, to make some of the common articles of the trade.

His employer saw this, but as John was faithful in his place, he let him have his own way, as employers will always give greater liberty to those boys that are diligent and trust-worthy, than to those who try to get along by doing as little work as possible.

John was so industrious in improving all his spare time in the shop, that at length he was able to finish some of the most nice and difficult pieces of work, with more skill than many workmen who had been for a great many years in the business. And Mr. Tonkin would sometimes call upon him to make delicate and important articles, that required the art and taste of a finished workman.

And so fond did he become of his trade, and so anxious was he to be perfect in it, that he would go out to do jobs abroad, which others would have thought beneath them. But he never seemed more happy than when he had obtained permission to hang a bell or to do

some such work in the city. At such times the family would watch his movements and smile as they saw him putting on his working apron, and with a basket of tools slung upon his shoulder, going out with as light a step and as bright a face, as if he had been the happiest boy in the world. So trusty had he now become that the chief part of the business of Mr. Tonkin was committed to his care.

There are very few boys more amiable, faithful and industrious, than John Williams; but one thing he lacked. The hopes which had been awakened in his early years were disappointed as he grew up, and he formed acquaintances with wild young men, whose habits were very different from his own. His mother saw with pain that his early religious impressions, which she had once observed with so much hope and joy, were wearing away. He used to go home on Sundays, and she improved those seasons to urge upon him the importance of attending to the concerns of his soul. But these instructions and entreaties now seemed lost upon him. One of the plainest proofs of this was his growing neglect of the Sabbath, and its sacred services. To please his mother, indeed, and from the force of habit, he still went to the house of

God, but he had no heart for the duty, and he was glad to find an excuse for being absent. Looking back to this period of life he said, "My course, though not outwardly immoral, was very wicked. I was regardless of the Holy Sabbath; a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God." And to this he adds what his mother did not suspect: "I often scoffed at the name of Christ and his religion, and totally neglected those things which alone can afford solid consolation." It is strange that sinful companions could so soon have produced such a change in a young man. It shows that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and is a warning to all young men to avoid the temptations by which he was brought so near to ruin. He had now become so much attached to his wicked associates, that had it not been for the sudden and direct interposition of the grace of God, there is reason to fear he would have perished in his sins. He was rapidly sinking down into a state of settled "hardness and impenitence of heart." His mother's prayers and tears were the only restraint he felt.

In conformity with what had now become a common practice, John had promised to spend

a Sabbath evening with several of his young associates at a public garden, not far from Mr. Tonkin's house; and with this garden a tavern was connected, where wicked young men were in the habit of meeting for drinking and sport. It was on the 30th of January, 1814, that this appointment was made, and the date is mentioned on account of the great results that followed. His young companions did not keep their promise, and this circumstance was the occasion of his conversion. Had the others come, the evening would have been spent at the tavern. But while he was wandering near the place of meeting, greatly displeased, not only because his friends did not come, but at the remarks of those who knew him and were passing by, Mrs. Tonkin came up on her way to church. She recognised his features by the light of the lamp, and inquired of him why he was staying there. He told her frankly that he was waiting for his companions, and was greatly disappointed that they had failed to come. Mrs. Tonkin invited him to go with her to the meeting, and after showing much reluctance, he yielded to her request. This, he afterwards said, was done rather from a feeling of disappointment, than from any sense of

the importance or duty of attending on the services of the sanctuary.

He went to church. The Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, preached that evening from those solemn words, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" These great questions were pressed home upon the conscience of the hearer with force and earnestness, and the attention of young Williams was fixed and his heart impressed.

After he had been away for years among the heathen, he came back, and, preaching in the pulpit of that same church, he said, "It is now twenty-four years since, as a stripling youth, a kind female friend invited me to come into this place of worship. I have the door in my view at this moment at which I entered, and I have all the circumstances of that important era in my history vividly impressed upon my mind; and I have in my eye at this instant, the particular spot on which I took my seat. I have also a distinct impression of the powerful sermon which was that evening preached, and God was pleased, in his gracious Providence, to influence my mind at that time so

powerfully, that I forsook all my worldly companions. From that hour my blind eyes were opened, and I beheld wondrous things out of God's law. I diligently attended the means of grace. I saw that beauty and reality in religion, which I had never seen before. My love to it and delight in it increased; and I may add, in the language of the Apostle, that I "grew in grace and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

A great change was at once to be seen in the life and conduct of John Williams. "Old things had passed away, and all things had become new." He read his Bible regularly, was always in his place on the Sabbath, took notes of the sermons that he heard, and stored up in his mind the most important thoughts. He was very decided from the moment when he learned the worth of the soul. He took a stand immediately on the side of good morals, and made no secret of his determination to serve God and keep his commandments. He was thus preserved from the many doubts that often distress young Christians who are unwilling to come out boldly for Christ. In September of the same year, he was received into the church, and adorned his profession by a

consistent life. His mother had joined the same church, and several years afterwards he wrote, "Many a time have my dear mother and myself, with others, surrounded that table and enjoyed there seasons of refreshment and profit. And there, too, have I used the language, which I now repeat, "Lord, I commit my body, my soul, my all into thine hands. Do with me what seemeth good in thy sight."

He now joined a society connected with the church, called "The Youths' Class," the influence of which was very important upon his future course. This class consisted of about thirty members, and met once a week. Each meeting was opened and closed with singing and prayer. After the opening prayer, a subject, which had been chosen at the former meeting, was discussed with freedom and in a spirit of Christian kindness, and at the close, the one who presided gave a view of the whole subject, and pointing out errors, endeavoured to confirm what was agreeable to the word of God. Occasional days were set apart for special prayer; and once in three months there was an examination, when the president proposed to each member such questions as would lead the young men to search their own hearts, and

see what progress they were making in the knowledge of God. This was a most useful society, and I mention it thus particularly that other youths may be led to adopt similar means of improvement.

Young Williams now became a Sabbath-school teacher, and there are not many who perform their duty as teachers with more regularity and delight. By his kindness and faithfulness he won the affection of his pupils and the esteem of his fellow-labourers. Here he began to speak in public, making remarks to the school, and thus he obtained confidence to address large assemblies. And his early efforts were even then blessed to the conversion of the young.

Not only in the Sabbath-school, but in the other departments of religious effort, young Williams delighted to engage, and he entered upon his labours with the same activity, and pursued them with the same diligence for which he was afterwards so much distinguished in his missionary work.

In this brief narrative of the youth of John Williams how much there is for the young to imitate, and how much there is which should warn them of the dangers to which youth are

exposed. John was always what is called a good boy. He was obedient to his parents, kind to his sisters, faithful to his employer, industrious and diligent, and as we have before said, was *never known to tell a lie.* But in an evil hour he fell into the company of some wicked companions, and by them he was led into sin. He began with keeping bad company, and soon learned to break the Sabbath. He forgot the command of the Bible, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." And he did not "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." And if there is anything in the remainder of his life that excites in the minds of any of the young a desire to be a good and useful missionary, let the virtues of young Williams be imitated and his errors avoided.

CHAPTER II.

A missionary at home—Thinks of being a foreign missionary—Studies with his pastor—Marriage—Missionary meeting—Sails for the South Seas—Arrives at the Islands—Reception by the natives—Enters on his labours.

JOHN WILLIAMS began to be a missionary at home. Besides being faithful and active as a Sabbath-school teacher, he was a devoted member of several societies connected with his church, whose object was to visit the sick, to instruct the inmates of the poor-houses, and to distribute religious tracts. Into all these "labours of love" he entered with his whole heart and soul. And he showed so much simple piety, sweetness of disposition, and readiness to engage in whatever was good, that every body loved him. He was always at his post when duty was to be done, and none were more efficient and faithful in their work.

In these labours he had been usefully en-

gaged for about a year, when a wider field was opened to his view. The Rev. Matthew Wilks, pastor of the church to which Williams belonged, was in the habit of employing every means he could devise, to awaken among his people an interest in the cause of missions to the heathen. About this time (the autumn of 1815) the success of the gospel in Africa and the South Sea Islands, had given a new impulse to the cause, and at the anniversary of the Missionary Society of their church, while John was listening to the glowing appeals of his pastor in behalf of those who are sitting in the darkness of paganism, a holy desire was formed in his soul to devote himself to the work. "At the time," he says, "I took but little notice of it, but afterwards, the desire was occasionally very strong for many months. My heart was frequently with the poor heathen. Finding this to be the case, I made it a subject of serious prayer to God, that he would banish the desire, if it was not consistent with his holy mind and will; but that, if it was consistent, he would increase my knowledge with the desire. I then examined my motives, and found that a sense of the value of the immortal soul, the thousands that were daily passing

from time into eternity, and a conviction of the debt of love I owe to God for his goodness in making me savingly acquainted with the things which belong to my everlasting peace, were the considerations by which my desire was created."

These remarks were made in a communication to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, when he offered himself to them to be sent forth to the heathen. But he had a humble opinion of himself, as will be seen from the language with which he introduced his offer. "In offering the following representation for your perusal, I have endeavoured to be as frank and plain as possible. If this, and the account which the Rev. Mr. Wilks can give of me should not meet with your conscientious approbation, I hope, pray, and trust, that you will on no account, for the sake of my soul, offer me the least encouragement."

This was not a sudden movement on the part of our young friend. After having hid the desire in his heart for several months, and having made it the subject of frequent and earnest prayer, he conferred with some judicious friends, and especially with his excellent pastor,

by whom he was encouraged to make the offer of himself to the Society.

Mr. Wilks was accustomed at this time to impart instruction at his own house to a class of young men, who were anticipating the work of the Christian ministry, and he invited young Williams to join it. The invitation was gladly accepted, and from this time, with the utmost ardour, he devoted all the leisure he could command, to the course of reading and other studies which his pastor prescribed. After several months' application to these studies, he was examined by the Directors, and in July, 1816, he was received as a missionary.

He was still quite young and his early education had been so defective that he earnestly desired to study much longer before departing for his foreign field, but the calls from abroad were so loud, and labourers so few, that it was determined to send him forth at the earliest period. He was still an apprentice to Mr. Tonkin, but that gentleman relinquished his claim upon him, and under the direction of the society, he devoted all his time to obtaining useful knowledge. In addition to his regular studies, he visited various factories, that he might learn the way in which many operations

were performed, which he might afterwards teach to the ignorant natives among whom he was to live.

To one of the young ladies, with whom Mr. Williams had been associated in his daily walks of usefulness, he made an offer of marriage and was accepted. She was a member of the same church, and was highly esteemed, for "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and for the possession of those gifts and graces which are necessary for the wife of a missionary to the heathen. She was in all respects worthy of her husband, and these two youth, from the humble walks of life, and destitute of many of the advantages of early education which others enjoy, became widely useful to multitudes of their fellow men, and their names are now illustrious among the missionaries of modern times. They were married on the 29th of October, 1816.

September 30th, a public meeting of great interest was held, at which nine missionaries were set apart for their self-denying work. An immense congregation crowded the large church in which the meeting was held, and the exercises were such as to leave a deep impression on the minds of those assembled. Five

of the missionaries were destined for Southern Africa, the youngest of whom is well known by name in our country,—the intrepid Robert Moffatt. Williams was the youngest of the other band, whose field of labour was to be among the islands of the sea. After the usual questions had been proposed and answered, the nine young men publicly devoting their lives to the service, and professing before men that they loved the souls and desired the salvation of the heathen above kindred and country, the Rev. George Burder and the Rev. John Angell James presented each of them with a Bible—the best gift to a departing missionary that man can bestow. "I shall never forget" said Mr. Williams many years after this interesting scene, "the impression produced on my mind by the solemn manner in which our beloved brother Mr. James, put this Bible into my hand." And then Dr. Waugh, with heaven beaming in his benevolent countenance and the big tear of affection glistening in his intelligent eye, said to him, "Go, my dear young brother, and if your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, let it be with telling poor sinners of the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from your shoulders, let it

be with knocking at men's hearts to gain admittance there." Prayer was then offered and the missionaries and their wives received their instructions and were commended to God.

Only a few weeks now remained before our young friend must leave his home for the distant islands. But at this moment the friends of the mission were cheered by glad tidings from the South Seas. After a night of toil the morning had dawned upon Tahiti and the surrounding isles. Far and near the gospel had spread among those savage tribes, and many of the chiefs were among the first to embrace the truth. The few and faithful men, who had laboured there for many years amid dangers and trials seldom equalled, were suddenly called to exchange tears for joys, and sorrows for songs of salvation.* But in the midst of their rejoicings they were depressed with the fact that the harvest was great but the labourers were few. They sent imploring letters home for help, and at this juncture, in answer to these calls, Williams and his companions were

* An interesting narrative of these great changes is contained in the third volume on the Tahiti Missions, published by the American Sunday School Union.

sent forth. With bright hopes of usefulness he prepared to bid his native land farewell.

But he loved his friends. His mother was peculiarly dear to him. To leave her without the expectation of seeing her again on earth, was a thought he could not bear without tears. But she loved Christ and the souls of the heathen, more than she loved her son, and though the struggle was great, she resigned him to the work to which the Lord had called him. How many youth there are in our Sunday Schools who are as well prepared for the missionary service as was John Williams! And how many mothers there are in our churches who should freely dedicate their sons to the Lord and train them for this noble work!

November 17, 1816, was fixed as the day for sailing. In a letter to his friends he describes the delight with which the sight of the sea and the shipping had inspired him, and the comfort he enjoyed after having taken quarters on board the ship. He was, as we have seen, unusually expert in the use of tools, and the readiness with which he could turn his hand to any thing, was of great importance to him afterwards at the islands. "As soon as we came on board," he writes to his sister "we

set to work at our cabins, put them in very nice order, made our beds, hung up our looking-glasses, drove hooks and nails in various places for our hats and coats, fixed our cabin lamps, laid down our little bits of carpet, and and now it looks very comfortable indeed; so much so that Mary was determined to sleep on board. Having read and prayed together, we retired to rest; and though it was a boisterous night, we slept as comfortable and undisturbed as possible."

This cheerful letter shows the state of his mind on the eve of his departure; happy in the prospect of living and dying in the service of his Master. He was now away on the sea. His letters written while on board prove that his spirit rejoiced continually in the Lord, and that the novelties which often met his eye among the wonders of the deep, were looked upon with lively interest. The sharks and the sea birds, the falling on the deck of a flying fish, the distant views of Palma and Teneriffe were all sources of gratification to his inquiring mind. But he was even more interested in the ship itself. He had never examined one before, but he had not been long on board the "Harriet" before her hull and spars and sails

and rigging were so closely inspected that he was afterwards able to make sketches of them and to turn them to profitable account.

The time glided pleasantly away and having touched at Rio Janeiro, they reached Hobarts Town, where they remained five weeks, and arrived at Sydney, May 12, 1817. Here they were obliged to remain until the September following, when they embarked in another vessel for Tahiti. Eight days after leaving Sydney, they came in sight of New Zealand, and just as they were approaching, a heavy gale (the first they had encountered,) drove them three hundred miles from their course; nor were they able to recover themselves until eleven days afterwards, when, to their great joy they cast anchor in the Bay of Islands.

Here Mr. Williams first came in contact with the race of people to whom his labours proved afterwards of so much benefit. But the contact was rather too close to be agreeable, for no sooner was the vessel moored, than swarms of half naked and filthy savages covered her decks, and clung to her sides and rigging and to testify their friendship, pressed around the missionaries "to rub noses," after the most approved fashion of Polynesia. The mis-

sionaries would gladly have been excused from these civilities, but desiring to keep on good terms with the natives, and to gain their esteem, they submitted to them. Going on shore at New Zealand they spent three weeks with the missionaries who were stationed there, and sailed again for Tahiti, and November 16, 1817, the object of their ardent desire was in sight. "Our hearts leaped for joy," Mr. W. writes "at the sight of the long wished for land." On the following day, exactly twelve months from the time they left England, they landed at Eimeo, where the missionaries were then residing.

"Soon after landing," he writes, "we went into the chapel, and were much pleased with its neat and clean appearance. The building is constructed of round white sticks, placed about two inches apart. In shape it resembles a hay-stack. The thatching, which looks very neat, is made of long narrow leaves, and it lasts about six years. In the middle of the chapel, on one side, there was a little desk for the preacher. The whole had been done by the natives. In the evening we heard the praises of God rise in the Tahitian tongue, from various dwellings around our residence. The

inhabitants were engaged in family prayer, which is observed throughout the islands. We retired to rest with hearts thankful for what our eyes had seen, and our ears had heard."

The young missionaries were filled with admiration at beholding the progress which the gospel had already made in converting the savage islanders into peaceful followers of the Lamb. They landed on Monday, and on Wednesday attended the native service in the chapel. "Here my eyes beheld seven or eight hundred people, who, not five years ago, were worshipping idols and wallowing in the most dreadful wickedness, now praying to and praising our Lord and God. Surely, thought I, the work is done and there is no need of us. Though there are hundreds in these islands who do not know our Lord and Saviour, they are as eager to learn as the miser is to get money. We could not but ask ourselves can these be the people that murdered their own children.

"On the Sabbath morning after our arrival, we went and stood outside their place of worship, and heard one of the natives engage in prayer. He began by addressing God as the

God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, thanking him for hearing their prayers and sending them missionaries, and for bringing their wives and their little ones safely over the mighty ocean. He next prayed that we might soon attain their language, so that we might be able to teach them the word of God; adding many other suitable petitions, which gave us much pleasure, warmed our hearts, and excited in us feelings of gratitude and praise."

But he soon found that there was need enough for his labours; that the work of God instead of being finished, was only begun. Many of the abominations of the heathen were still common among them, and the mass of the people were under the power of their wicked lusts. These facts, when he came to learn them, roused him to active exertion, for the salvation of those for whom he came to labour.

The missionaries at Eimeo had no vessel in which they could visit the neighbouring islands, but as soon as Williams arrived, the task of building a ship, which had been commenced before and abandoned, was resumed; and here the skill which he had acquired as a mechanic, and especially as a worker in iron, was of great importance. With his aid, and under

his direction, the work was urged on and completed, and the new vessel launched amid the admiring shouts of multitudes of the natives, to whom such a spectacle was little less than a miracle.

After Mr. Williams had spent some months with the missionaries at Eimeo, learning the language and habits of the islanders, and preparing for future usefulness, his attention was turned to a neighbouring group of islands, from which several chiefs had come to Tahiti, and had learned the gospel. It was determined to send a part of the missionary company and form a new station; and accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Williams (with an infant son,) Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, and Mr. and Mrs. Orsmond (accompanied by Mr. Davies, as an interpreter,) sailed from Eimeo, and on the 20th of June landed at Huahine, the most windward of the Society Islands. The people received them joyfully. A good native house was given to Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and as soon as they took possession of it, the people brought them a hot baked pig, and a large bowl of yams. They then put a piece of native cloth across one end of the house, and, as Mrs. Williams writes, "we slept as soundly as if we had been

in a palace. The next day we removed to a neat little oval house, and fitted it up with native cloth as comfortably as we could. In a few days, the principal chief of the island sent each of us nine pigs, with a roll of native cloth, and all kinds of their fruit. There are plenty of fowls here, and we dress them in a variety of ways. Sometimes we have fresh pork, and occasionally we kill a sucking pig, and get it cooked as well as you can in England, who have large kitchen fires. Our method is to run a long stick through it, and to let the ends rest on two fork sticks, and, having kindled a fire behind, a native sits to turn and baste it, until it is well done. We have also had some roast and boiled beef. I only wish we had a cow, and I should then be able to make butter, but we get plenty of milk for our tea, as we have five goats."

The arrival of the missionaries at Huahine was soon known throughout the group; and visiters from all the other islands, some prompted by curiosity, and others by more worthy motives, came in haste to see them. But of these "arrivals," the most important and interesting was Tamatoa, the king of Raiatea, who, with all his principal chiefs, had left home

for the sole purpose of inducing one or more of the missionaries to reside amongst his people.

Raiatea (the *Ulitea* of Captain Cook) is the largest and most central island of the Society group. Its circumference is nearly fifty miles, and it stands within a noble reef which engirdles both it and Tahaa, a similar island about six miles from its northern shore. Through this reef there are numerous inlets, wide and deep enough to admit ships of any burthen; and within, there is a safe and commodious anchorage. This island is not only the largest, but the most lofty of the group. With the exception of a belt of rich soil which skirts the shore, and a few fertile glens and valleys, it consists of huge mountain masses, rising abruptly, in some cases to the height of two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Though the view of the island at a distance is not as inviting as that of some others, the visiter on landing finds himself surrounded with verdure and beauty that charm the eye. The population was about thirteen hundred, a number much less than when Captain Cook discovered it; for wars, disease, and cruel superstitions had swept off multitudes. But although the population was small, the influence

of this island was greater than that of any other in the group. For ages its monarchs had been acknowledged as lords of the Society and Georgian Islands, and up to the time when the gospel was introduced, the principal chiefs, and among them Tamatoa, had even been worshipped as gods. This island, (Raiatea,) had also from time immemorial, been the great centre and source of those dreadful idolatries which had destroyed so many inhabitants of its own and neighbouring shores. Here were the temples and the altars, and the rude records of their bloody rites and customs, the worship of Oro, the Moloch of the South Seas. Here the thousands and tens of thousands of human victims had been brought from near and distant islands, to be slain in sacrifice! These were strong reasons why Mr. Williams and his companions chose this as the seat of their labours.

Two years before, a small vessel from Tahiti with a missionary, Mr. Wilson, Pomare, and nineteen natives on board, was driven from Eimeo to Raiatea. They were received with great kindness, and Mr. Wilson preached Jesus Christ to the Raiateans, and some of them, including Tamatoa and other chiefs, were led to abandon many of their evil ways. They built

a church, observed the Sabbath, and met regularly for religious instruction. And when Mr. Wilson left them, they were not contented until they sent to Eimeo, and obtained, as we have seen, the company of missionaries, whom they welcomed to their shores, September 11, 1818.

The reception which the missionaries met with on reaching Raiatea was extremely gratifying. "As soon as we landed," writes Mr. Williams, "they made a feast for us, consisting of five large hogs for myself, five for Mrs. Williams, and one for our little Johnny. The same provision was made for Mr. Threlkeld. Besides, 'the feeding,' they brought us a roll of cloth, and about twenty crates of yams, taro, cocoa-nuts, mountain plantains and bananas. These crates were a foot deep and three feet square. Several persons of consequence were with us, and the place was a complete market. Visiters are considered strangers until they are fed, when they become *taata tabu*, ('neighbours.')

"While getting our things on shore, I passed a house in which they were eating, when my man slipped in, and having snatched some food out of the hand of a person who was eating it,

came out again without saying a word. I asked him why he did so, and whether the man from whom he had taken the food was not angry? He said 'No, it was a custom among them.' And we now see it frequently. A man is eating his food, and another comes up, snatches it out of his hand, and walks away without exchanging a syllable. When any of them come from other islands, or from distant parts of the same island, they walk into any house they like, look about them, and, without consulting the owner, say to one another, 'This is good. We'll stay here.'

"It is very delightful to see them on Sabbath morning, dressed very neatly, and going to the house of prayer. After the service, they return to their homes, and eat what had been prepared on the previous day. After the meal they again go to chapel. I assure you, that you would be delighted to observe the attention of many to the word of God. I have just now had some interesting conversation with the king and queen, and two sensible men who came to see my dear mother's likeness. They began by asking whether you did not all cry when we came away, and if you did not stop us. I told them that you would not have let us come, had

it not been from compassion for them, and had we not come to teach them the word of God. They then inquired who sent me, and how I came to think of visiting them. I told them that the thought grew in my mind, and I hoped God put it there. They wished to know whether I should ever go home again. I told them I should very much like to do so, and if it was near as Tahiti, I could go and return to them; but if I went to England, I should perhaps never get back again."

But pleasing as the reception of the missionaries was to them, they soon perceived that the moral state of the people was to the lowest degree debased and discouraging. Their customs were too abominable and disgusting to be mentioned, and no savages in the world were more thoroughly corrupt than they. They were also so lazy that they would often suffer hunger rather than take the trouble to cook their food.

But another and great difficulty in the way of improving these degraded people was the fact that they were scattered so widely over the island and the surface was so broken by mountains and rocky ridges between the valleys, that it was almost impossible to get at

them to do them good. It was therefore determined to make an effort to bring them into one settlement, and after the wild natives were assembled to hear of the blessings that would result from such a change, they all agreed to it. This was a wonderful result in which we see the hand of God.

Mr. Williams was now busily at work in preparing for usefulness. Instead of sitting down in his study to learn the language, he went out among the natives, heard them in conversation with one another, asked them questions, and thus learned to *pronounce* the words as they did, and became more familiar with the common words in use among them than he could from books. This would not be the best way for all, but Mr. W. was so much in the habit of "picking up" knowledge of men and things, that a plan would be a good one for him, which others might not follow with the same success. So rapid was his progress that he preached his first sermon in the native language at Huahine, on the 4th of September, just ten months from the time of his reaching Eimeo. Other and older missionaries said that he had done as much in ten months

as some of them had in three years. And he preached at once three times a week and so plainly, that the people understood him. How sweetly the following letter to his mother speaks of her and of his own labours.

"You pray, my dearly beloved mother, that 'your boy may be enabled to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the perishing heathen.' Your prayer is heard, my dear mother, and answered. I am now actively engaged in preaching Christ. O! that I may have grace to preach him, and him alone; to be faithful unto death. I have made great progress in the language, for which I desire to be very grateful, and to ascribe the praise to him who is both mouth and wisdom. I hope that your son may prove a crown of rejoicing to you. I now shed the tear of affection, my dear mother, while I think that I cannot indulge any very strong expectation of seeing my beloved mother again in the flesh, but I do entertain 'a good hope through grace' of meeting you, where the ravishing hand of death will never cause the briny tear of sorrow to roll down the cheek. Press on, my dear mo ther, be of good courage, and remember that,

although you have given up me, it is to him who gave himself for you."

In a similar strain he wrote again. "My dear mother speaks of her feelings at parting. This brings that trying season all fresh to my memory. I assure you it cost me many an anxious hour before that affecting scene occurred, and my sorrow has often been renewed since then, when reflecting upon the feelings of my dearest parents. I frequently recal the parting words of my dear aunt Tomes, 'Recollect, my dear boy, whatever sufferings you are called to endure, it is not for yourself, but for Jesus, who has done and suffered for you infinitely more than you can possibly do or suffer for him.' In hours of solitude, and when my soul has been cast down within me, this thought has afforded me the strongest consolation, and turned my mourning into joy. My dearest parents, grieve not at my absence, for I am engaged in the best of services, for the best of masters, and upon the best of terms; but rather rejoice in having a child upon whom the Lord has conferred this honour. Do not persons of the world deem themselves honoured by having a member of their family in the employment of an illustrious man, and should

not you rejoice that I am serving the King of Kings? But, although I speak thus, do not think I have lost all affection. No, no! I frequently think of you all with feelings which I am obliged to suppress, and, were it not for the happiness I find in the work of the Lord, and the fervent desire I feel to be honoured in winning souls to him, I am sure I should soon see you again. Not the gold of Ophir, or the luxuries of the East would keep me from those whom I so ardently love. But I have this consolation, that the natives, from the king to the lowest of them, appear attached to me, that I am in the path of duty and usefulness, doing the work for which I left my native land, and those by whom I am tenderly beloved, and what greater support than this can be enjoyed by a missionary?"

Now we have followed this good missionary to the place which he had chosen as the field of usefulness, where he was willing to live and labour and die. But although we have only entered on his history, we have found much to please and instruct the young. John Williams was fond of learning *how to do things*, which he saw others doing, and thus he learned much that was of great use to him when he became

a man. See him at work on his cabin in the ship; see him at work building a ship! and thus learn what may be done by any body who tries to improve and to make himself useful.

See him preaching to the natives at the islands, and think that only two or three years ago he was at work in a blacksmith's shop in London!

If John Williams left his trade and his friends and country to carry the gospel to the heathen, why not you? As you are reading these pages, will you not remember what John Williams was while a boy, and try to be what he was when he became a man?

CHAPTER III.

Builds a house—Employment of his time—Introduction of laws—Printing press—A new church—Incidents among the natives.

Mr. Williams was now to settle down at Raiatea, and one of his first efforts in the way of improvement was to build a house for himself, that should attract so much attention from its size, style and conveniences, that the natives would be led to see the advantages of the arts and comforts of civilized life. He asked the queen for a piece of ground, and she said to him, "Look forward! look backward! look on this side and on that! look all around, for it is all yours, and wherever you say, there it shall be."

Having chosen a suitable lot of ground, he built a house sixty feet long and thirty feet wide; the frame of it was wood, and it was plastered on the inside and out. On each side of it was a large garden neatly laid out with grass plots, gravel walks and flower beds.

Behind the house was a poultry yard, with turkeys and hens and ducks, and beyond this yard was a kitchen garden which supplied his table with all the vegetables he desired. By and by the bleating of goats, and the lowing of cattle were heard on the hills around him.

Almost the whole of the work necessary to bring all this to pass was done by his own hands. Even much of the furniture for the house he made with his own hands, and here again he found the advantage of having been a skilful mechanic when he was young.

And besides his own building, he was every day called on by the natives to show them how to do this or that, though it was often easier to leave his own work and to do it for them than to teach them.

It might be supposed that in all these cases he would forget the souls of these poor heathen. But, no; he was diligent in business, serving the Lord. Every thing was turned to good account in leading them to understand that the great object of his coming among them was to seek the salvation of their souls. In a letter written about this period, he says:

"I will tell you how I spend my time. Mondays (with the exception of the first in the

month,) Tuesdays and Thursdays, I give to the house; having, without any assistance from the natives who do only the roof and the thatch, to make the doors, windows, floors, walls, partitions, etc. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, I devote to the study of my discourses. Beside these and other engagements, I attend the school daily, so that my time is fully occupied." And he was preaching three times a week in a strange language. This is the account he gives of the Sabbath exercises.

"With regard to our religious proceedings we are employed in the following manner. At six o'clock on the Sabbath morning, we hold a prayer-meeting, when two of the natives engage in prayer, and the missionary gives an address. At nine o'clock, the bell rings for the regular service, when the natives, dressed very neatly, attend, and many of them appear anxious to understand the word of life. Our congregation usually consists of from five hundred to seven hundred, but frequently it amounts to from one thousand to fifteen hundred. At eleven, we meet in rotation at each other's houses for worship in English. At one o'clock, a catechetical exercise is conducted with the people. At four, we hold another

regular service in the Tahitian. The brethren then take tea together, and spend the Sabbath evening in singing, prayer, and reading a course of lectures for mutual improvement."

Every evening his sitting room was filled with natives coming for conversation, and the questions which they asked were sometimes hard to answer. And often they came to ask the way to heaven, for when their minds were affected by the preaching on the Sabbath, they loved to go to the missionary's house and talk with him about what they had heard and to tell him how they felt.

The changes that were made in the habits of this degraded people were indeed so wonderful that we could not believe them, but for the proof which the missionaries furnish. In a letter to the Society that sent him out Mr. Williams writes, September 5, 1819;—

"When we came to this place, there were only two native habitations, and it was difficult to walk along the beach for the bushes. But the former wilderness is now an open, clear, and pleasant place, with a range of houses extending nearly two miles along the sea-beach in which reside about a thousand of the natives. We earnestly desire to see the moral wilder-

ness present the same improved appearance. The king, who, we are happy to say, is one of the most consistent characters, resides very near to us. He is a very constant attendant both at the chapel and the schools. He will probably be one of the first whom we shall baptize in the islands. We are happy in being able to state that his behaviour is circumspect, and that he is very active in suppressing crime.

"We are glad to be able to inform you, that many have built themselves very neat little houses, and are now living in them with their wives and families. The king, through seeing ours, and by our advice, has had a house erected near to us. It contains four rooms, wattled, and plastered inside and out, and floored. He is the first native on these islands that ever had such a house; but many others are now following his example. Thus, while teaching them the things which belong to their eternal peace, we do not forget their temporal improvement, and desire to remember the connexion between being fervent in spirit, and diligent in business.

"We have been constantly exhorting the people to abandon their pernicious custom of living several families together in one dwelling,

and have advised their separation. Several have complied with our request, and before six months more have elapsed, it is probable that there will not be less than twenty houses, wattled, plastered, with boarded floors, and divided into separate rooms for meals and sleeping. Thus you see that, although our station was the last formed, it is the first in these things. We think it a great object gained, that many of the natives, with their wives and children, are now living separately, in neat habitations of their own, and that the people have been induced to engage in preparing such habitations.

"We have opened a neat little place of worship at Tahna, in a district called Tivaa, and there is another erected, which we intend to open shortly, and visit regularly, in the district of Patio, where we expect a congregation of five hundred or six hundred persons. We intend, likewise, to place two of our most intelligent and consistent Raiateans over the school, to which we shall ourselves pay particular attention on our visits. We are all much pleased with the prospect of usefulness which the new station presents to our view."

The reader, especially the young reader, will

ask how it was possible in so short a time to bring a debased and indolent people, who never had laboured a single day in their lives, and who cared for nothing but to gratify their low appetites and passions—to abandon these dreadful habits, and to adopt so many of the manners and customs of civilized people. But it was done! And by what means? The Gospel was "the mighty power of God" that raised them from their deep degradation to the rank and condition of men. The missionaries were aware that no other means could make the change, and while they taught them the arts by which they could provide for their own comforts, they taught them more than all that they were immortal beings, sinful, but yet creatures of a holy God, who would punish them forever unless they forsook their sins and found forgiveness for the sake of Jesus Christ, who died for them on the cross. These truths reached their hearts. Many of them believed, and more were led to think seriously of them as they saw the power of these truths on the lives of those around them.

As these miserable people received the gospel, they began to feel the importance of obeying the laws of God, and of having some

known rules by which their conduct should be regulated. The chiefs had always had the right and the power of ruling in their own way, and the people had done as they pleased to one another, with no laws to restrain or to guide them. The missionaries were very anxious to induce them to adopt some such written laws as we have in America, by which the chiefs and the people should be bound, so that vice might be punished and crime prevented. This would require the chiefs to give up the unlimited authority which for ages they had enjoyed, and the missionaries could hardly expect to persuade them to such a surrender. But there is nothing too hard for the Lord!

For several Sabbaths the missionaries preached on the peculiar wickedness of many of their heathenish practices, and they were very much affected. Just before this, one of the chiefs of a neighbouring island had committed a murder, and the people were deeply impressed with the necessity of having some settled laws. The chiefs first held a meeting, at which they requested the missionaries to be present, and the king stood up and said: "Let us try and form our conduct by the word which we learn from our teachers, and by the word of God which

we read every day. Stop! Our wickedness is very great. Remember, it is I who am speaking. If the son of any king is wicked, and deserves to die, he shall die. If any king is worthy of death, he shall die; and if I am worthy of death, I will die also. Let all the people remember that the man who deserves to die, shall die. We will observe the voice of our teachers, for God hath sent them. Take care, all of you, lest he be angry; for if he be angry, he will take our teachers away, and we shall again be in darkness."

This was a noble beginning, and showed that the truth had already made great progress in the minds of these men. Nor did the missionaries attempt to secure any other power to themselves than such as the gospel gave them over the consciences of the natives, and this power they used only to restrain them from sin, and lead them to the Saviour.

Wicked men from this country and from Great Britain have visited these islands and reported that the missionaries were the *chiefs*, and oppressed the people. But these stories are told by those who find that the influence of the gospel prevents them from being able to plunder the natives and gratify their wicked lusts among

these degraded people, who have for years been their prey. And if the missionaries had done no more than to break up the horrid practices in which American and British sailors were accustomed to indulge in their visits to these islands, this, of itself, would be enough to repay them and the Christians who sent them, for all their expense and toil.

And now the missionaries set up the printing press, and soon they had portions of the Bible and spelling books printed and scattered among the people. What a wonder was this to the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. When they first saw *writing* they were filled with astonishment. When a missionary wanted any thing from his house, he would write the name of it on a piece of paper or a bit of wood, and give it to a native, who would carry it to the missionary's wife, and she would instantly give him the thing that was wanted. This process, so simple to a child in a Christian country, was a perfect mystery to the poor islanders. And still greater was their wonder when they saw "*talking papers*" multiplied by means of the printing press! Then they wanted to learn to read, and not contented with sending their children to school, young men and old men, chiefs

and priests, whose hands—the very hands now holding the Primer or the Gospel—had been stained with the blood of human sacrifices, were now seen sitting on the same benches with little children *to learn to read!* Even the king and queen were scholars. The school became so full that the house would not hold all the pupils, and some were taught out of doors. When the bell rung (for they had a bell) all dropped the business in which they were engaged and went to school. This was so general that a *man* out of school was a strange sight. One of the natives on his way to school saw a man sitting in his house, and said to him, "My friend, why do you not go to school, the bell has rung some time since?" "I am discouraged," replied the man, "for I am still learning B A ba. I shall never be able to read the Gospel of Luke, and think therefore of stopping at home, and not going to school any more." The other said, "That is a bait of the devil. When you go a fishing, you put on the bait so as to hide the hook, and the fish thinks not that he shall be pierced by it, should he seize the bait. The devil has a fish-hook in that evil thought of yours. Therefore have nothing to

do with it, but let us both go immediately and learn."

With this desire to learn it is not strange that the natives made rapid progress in knowledge. Many of the chiefs could soon repeat the multiplication table, and do many sums in arithmetic without making a mistake. And all this time the preaching of the gospel was making such impressions on their minds that they were growing better as they were growing wiser. Indeed, at that period in the history of missions to the heathen, such progress had been made no where else.

In some of the other islands where missionaries had laboured, the natives, after learning by their own sweet experience, the value and blessedness of the gospel, had made efforts to send the same gospel to the islands that had not yet received it. Missionary societies had been formed at Tahiti and Huahine, and the natives at Raiatea resolved to follow the example. A day was appointed for the people to assemble for the purpose of forming such a society.

It was a great day on the island. The people were so delighted with the thought of sending the gospel to the destitute that they came

together in crowds. Even the sick and lame, and the infirm who could not walk, were carried to the place of meeting. The crowd was so great that they could not get into the chapel, and the sides of it were taken out so that the roof stood supported by the posts, and the multitude gathered around. After singing, prayer and an address, it was requested that all in favour of forming a society would hold up their hands, and instantly a host of naked arms were raised in the air! These arms often had been raised to commit horrid crimes, but now they were held up for Christ. It was a goodly sight, and the missionaries were moved to tears of joy as they looked on.

Then the king, who was made President of the Society, rose and said, "Remember what you used to do for your lying gods. You used to give them all your time, your strength, your property, and even your lives. Then you had nothing of your own: it was all the evil spirit's. If you had a canoe, or mats, or pigs, or cloth, or food, it all belonged to them. What a great work had you then to do in building marais [temples;] your property was all consumed in the worship of the gods. But *now*, all our property is our own, and here are our teachers in

the midst of us. God sent them. He is of great compassion. And they left their own land to come here. Now our eyes are open, and we see it is all false, all *paraupoke*—word and work which end in death. Let us do what we learn. Let us take pity upon other lands. Let us give property willingly, with our whole hearts, to send them missionaries. It is but a little work for the true God. But if you do not give, do not suppose you will be punished or killed, as you would have been formerly. Let every one do what he pleases.'

He then exhorted them to diligence, in seeking their own salvation, and thus concluded his address.

"Let us not assist in sending the Gospel to other lands, and then, by our wickedness, drive it away from our own. Remember, there were many drowned who helped to build the ark. Take care, lest after sending the Gospel to others, you die in your own sins. Let us not be like the scaffolding, which is useful in building the house, but is afterwards thrown into the fire. If we are not true believers, God will reject us, and we shall be cast into the fire of hell."

As soon as Tamatoa had resumed his seat,

Puna, a native of very consistent character, arose to nominate a secretary for one of the districts, and then said,

"Friends, I have a little question. In your thoughts, what is it that makes the heavy ships sail? I think it is the wind. If there were no wind the ships would stay in one place; but while there is wind, we know the ships can sail. Now, I think the money of the great Missionary Society is like the wind. If there had been none, no ship would have come here with missionaries. If there is no property, how can missionaries be sent to other conntries—how can the ships sail? Let us then give what we can."

Tuahine, one of the most intelligent men in the settlement, then stood up and said,

"Friends, kings, chiefs, and all of you. We have heard much speech to day. Do not be tired. I also have a little to say. Whence come the great waters. Is it not from the small streams that flow into them. I have been thinking that the Missionary Society in Britain is like the great water, and that such little societies as ours are like the little streams. Let there be many little streams. Let not ours be dry. Let missionaries be sent to every land."

Officers for the various districts were appointed, and then permission was given to any to speak, when a man named *Waver* said,

"We are now become a Missionary Society; and we are to give our property, that the word of God may be carried to all lands; but let us ask, Is it in our hearts? Has it taken root there? If not, how can we pity others? We must give our property with love to those who are sitting in the shades of death."

Paumoana then said,

"It would be well if all the world knew the word of God as well as we know it—if all could read it as well as we read it—if all could hear it every Sabbath as we hear it—if all would bow the knee to Jesus—if all knew him as the only sacrifice for sin. Then there would be no war. We are to give our property that other lands may know the true God and his word, that they may have teachers. It is not to be given to the false gods as we used to do. Let us be diligent, and spend our strength in this good work."

Another observed,

"Friends, there are some amongst us who have been pierced with balls. Now let our guns be rotten with rust; and if we are pierced,

let it be with the word of God. Let us have no more cannon balls; but let the word of God be the ball we shoot to other lands."

Now the reader must not think that all these natives had become Christians. Very far from it. Some of them probably had given their hearts to God, but most of them had not yet repented of their sins and believed in Christ. They had forsaken many of their bloody ceremonies, and had reformed in many of their wicked ways, so that there was much to encourage the missionaries in their labours. But there was much more to be done before they were prepared for heaven. Even in Christian countries we know that multitudes of people go to church and give their money to support the gospel at home, and to send it abroad, who love it not in their hearts. And so it was with some of these islanders.

And here is another thought for the youthful reader. These natives were miserably poor, but they loved to give something to spread the gospel among those who had it not. Even the king went to work to earn something for this purpose. And what are you doing to give the bread of life to the destitute? These islanders had enjoyed the gospel but a few months. Yet they

loved it so much that they wanted every body else to have it too. You have had it always, and perhaps you do not value it as much as they did.

The next thing attempted by Mr. Williams for the permanent welfare of this people, was the erection of *a house for the worship of God.* The chapel in which they had hitherto worshipped was small and inconvenient, and it was now determined to build a church that should be large enough for the purpose, and the natives joyfully contributed, according to their ability, the means to build it. The building was one hundred and ninety-one feet long by forty-four wide; but one end of it, to the extent of forty-four feet, was set off for a court-house. The whole was finished with floors and pews, and in a style far superior to that of any other church in the South Sea Islands. And now, for the first time in these islands, the large house was lighted up for evening service. Nor was there any thing about the new building that excited so much attention as the chandeliers. These were the turned and carved work of Mr. Williams, "the chief artificer," and very strikingly did they display his skill. But the natives were so amused by their ap-

pearance, so strange did they seem, that they cried out as they entered the house "*Ane Biritanne e*!" "O England!" and then, as well as at other times, they spoke of England as "the land whose customs have no end." This building was first opened for the worship of God, May 11, 1820, when more than two thousand four hundred persons were assembled within it.

CHAPTER IV.

The new code of laws—The natives erecting their houses—Annual meeting of the Missionary Society—A missionary ship—Williams proposes to go on a voyage—Natives object—His mother's death—Voyage—Visit to other islands—Incidents.

We have already mentioned the desire of the natives to adopt some of the manners and customs of civilized life. But as yet no great progress had been made in the adoption of a regular form of government. And so strong a hold had the chiefs possessed for ages over the people, that it appeared doubtful whether they could ever be induced to submit to the introduction of laws. The chiefs were tyrants. They could put a man to death at any time, without any form of trial, and without any charge of crime. But when they felt the power of the gospel, they began to be willing to let the people enjoy something like *liberty* and

rights. This is the effect of the spread of the gospel every where and always. It destroys the power of tyrants, and secures for the people the blessings of good government.

Mr. Williams had conversed very often with many of the chiefs, and so had the other missionaries, to show them the advantages of having a *code*, or a set, of written laws, and after considerable hesitation, it was agreed to have one drawn up and submitted to the people.

The code was very simple. It did not allow any man to be put to death except for murder or treason against the government. It established the right of *trial by jury*, so that no one could be punished unless found guilty by twelve of his fellow-citizens. This was the first time that this measure was attempted among any of the South Sea islands.

After the chiefs had privately consented to the new plan, a public meeting of chiefs and people was called, and the laws were read one by one in the hearing of all. Then if any one had any thing to say against any of them he was permitted to rise and state his objections. It was a grave and remarkable meeting. A company of men, but a few years ago most degraded savages, were now assembled to adopt

laws like those of England and the United States. After the discussion, the question was taken by holding up the hand and the whole people, without exception, agreed to receive and obey the laws. They then chose magistrates, and all the officers necessary to carry into effect the laws they had made, and thus a regular government was organized in this dark island of the sea. What a change from despotism to liberty, from the power of wicked men to the reign of mild and Christian laws! The youth of our land should always bear in mind that good laws are the fruit of religion, and that all our blessings, civil and social, will be enjoyed only while we have the Bible and obey its holy precepts. If the Bible is not made the guide of our youth, if it is banished from our places of education, or if from any cause our children are led to neglect and despise it, the way is prepared for the overthrow of all laws and the introduction of popery and tyranny.

In Raiatea when any one was accused of a crime, the magistrate sent for him and as soon as he was caught, he was tied to a tree. A man then went through the settlement, ringing a bell and announcing to the people that a person

was about to be tried. The natives then flocked to the court-house, and witnesses were examined, and if the accused was found guilty, sentence was immediately passed upon him. Very often criminals were condemned to work on the new roads that were in progress, so that two objects were gained, the punishment of the guilty and the improvement of the travelling.

After this great work, (the establishment of laws,) was accomplished, Mr. Williams was very anxious to see the natives engaged in mechanical and agricultural pursuits.

"The people," he writes, "are now busily employed in the erection of their houses. We frequently go round from house to house, and note particularly the progress they are making. Those who are lazy, we chide; and, of course, encourage others who have been industrious. And we take care not to let them know when we are coming; for if they did, some of them would clean out their houses, put cloth round their beds, and fresh grass on the floors prior to our arrival; but as we wish to catch them exactly as they are, we go in our little canoe beyond the boundaries of the settlement, and return on foot, beginning at the farther end of it. It is, however, soon known, and the peo-

ple are at once in a great bustle preparing their habitations for our inspection. This, however, is a useful stimulus, and produces good effects. There are, at present, between fifty and sixty houses plastered and plastering, and many others ready for the plaster, which is considerably more than in all the islands beside from Mahiti down to Maupiti. The houses generally speaking, are low and small, like neat little cottages; but upon the whole, they are very good, and do the natives great credit.

"We have lately made a sugar-mill with three large rollers to it. The manual labour was done principally by the natives. My part was to mark out the work, which is rather complicated, and turn the rollers. This was rather a difficult job, and I was obliged to have recourse to a little ingenuity; for the rollers were so large and heavy, that it was impossible to turn them with a foot or wheel-lathe, so I put a grindstone handle at each end, with two men to turn them; and thus we made them work as regular and well as the large concern which Mr. Gyles brought out to Tahiti. As soon as I am disengaged, we are going to make water-works to it.

"We now do but little of the laborious part

of such things. The natives have learned to work very well indeed, and some of them can saw, and edge, and plane better than I can; but any part that requires particular care, or in which great exactness is necessary, such as turning spindles, rollers, etc., I am obliged to do myself. Perhaps you will wonder how we can do such things, having never before seen any thing of the kind. I think that a person, having tolerably good mechanical genius, and a book that will give him general outlines will be able to accomplish almost any thing (not extraordinarily complicated) that he sets his mind to. We are going to attempt a large clock and wooden smith's bellows almost immediately. Our various little works of this kind, our boats and our houses have given the natives many new and important ideas. These they readily receive and act upon, and it is with delight I observe them engaged in the different branches of carpentering, some box-making, some bedstead-making, some making very neat sofas (which we have lately taught them) with turned legs and looking very respectable indeed; some, again, lime-burning, some sawing, some boat-building, some working at the forge, and some sugar-boiling; while

the women are equally busy in making gowns, plaiting bark, and working neat bonnets—all the effect of the Gospel. My dear wife has taught numbers to work well. Indeed it has been her employment ever since she landed. She has taught them to make very respectable bonnets, of native materials, which the ladies in England would not despise.

"I have lately taught a native to bind books, which he can now do very well. I have sent you some specimens of his workmanship. He has no machine of any kind, and yet he binds all our Gospels, etc. as they are printed. Many other natives are learning; but this man, at present, excels them all. He is clever, and we think of making him foreman of our sugar-works. We have already made good sugar, a small sample of which I send to the Directors, who will permit you to see it. But you must not suppose that I am going to turn sugar merchant. All we are doing is done entirely for the benefit of the natives, and we are using every method and stimulus in our power to introduce the sugar manufacture among them, as it will be to them a staple commodity."

During all this time, Mr. Williams was labouring earnestly for the salvation of their

souls. And he had reason to rejoice in the conversion of many. The schools were thronged continually. "It is pleasing," he writes, "indeed affecting to see the poor old people, some gray-headed, some hump-backed, some worn down with age, trudging to the school every morning and labouring hard at their *b a*, *ba*, most of whom would have been murdered, as human sacrifices, if the Lord had not had mercy upon them, and sent to them his blessed Gospel." And many of these were led to repentance.

It is not to be wondered at that among these natives there should still be some who hated the missionaries and would be glad to drive them away. Twice some of these wicked men laid plans to murder Mr. Williams and plunder his house, but the Lord preserved him in danger; the plots were discovered and the life of the good man was saved.

The first Annual meeting of the Missionary Society was held soon after the opening of the new church, and it was found that the contributions of these poor people for a single year, amounted to nearly two thousand dollars! They had no money to give but they gave the fruits of their labours, and these were sold for

the sum named. At the annual meeting the natives made speeches and one of them we must give in this place. After PAHI, the secretary, had read the report, he said,

"My heart was rejoiced while I was reading the report. A thousand bamboos [casks of oil] from one district! Fourteen hundred from another! Well done, my friends! Let us not be weary, or lazy, but let us double our diligence. We are constantly praying, 'Let thy word grow;' but if we do not use the means, how *can* the word grow? What would you think of a man whose canoe was fast on the beach, and who kneeled down, and prayed to God that his canoe might reach the sea? Would you not call him a foolish man, and desire him to stand up and drag his canoe? And shall not we act as foolish a part, if we pray, and do not use the means for making the word of God to grow. Prayer and the means must go together, and then we may expect that all will know the word of God."

Besides this liberal contribution these people had built during the year a new and large church! Many congregations in our country think they can give nothing for foreign missions while they are building a house of wor-

ship. But these natives knew what it was to be heathen, and they longed to send the gospel to those who were still in darkness.

In May, 1820, the very month in which the new church was opened, the ordinance of Christian Baptism was for the first time administered in the island. About SEVENTY individuals, including some of the principal chiefs, came out from the world, and were publicly baptized in the presence of a large and solemn assembly. It was an affecting sight, and deeply impressed those who beheld it.

But the active and devoted Williams could not be contented here, now that the great difficulties of a new enterprise had been surmounted, and the mission at Raiatea fixed on a firm foundation. He wanted to quit his present field and go to some destitute island, where the gospel was not known, and preach Christ to the natives. It was perhaps well that he was prevented at so early a day from taking this step. He was now only twenty-four years old, and it was well for him and the cause of missions that he was restrained from gratifying his ardent desire. He thought he was leading "a lazy life," but one of his associate missionaries was now called away to another field of labour,

and thus increased duties fell to the hands of Mr. Williams, and he had less reason to complain that he had nothing to do. And the progress of civilization at Raiatea was so great that it began to be looked upon as a model for the surrounding islands, and as a centre of operations for their improvement.

A chief of the island Rurutu, with thirty of his people, fled from his island to escape a raging pestilence, and they were driven to the shores of Raiatea. Here they staid three months, heard the gospel, received instruction, and taking with them some of the converted Raiateans, they returned to their own islands. A few weeks afterwards some of these Raiateans came back, bringing in triumph the idols of Rurutu, which the people had thrown away, that they might worship the only living and true God.

This occurrence had a powerful effect on the mind of Mr. Williams. He looked upon these idols taken from the heathen as pledges of future success. The way was opened for the victorious progress of the gospel from shore to shore, and his soul was fired with the glorious prospect. He thought of building

"A MISSIONARY SHIP," in which he and his brethren could speedily and safely go from island to island, and carry the glad tidings of salvation. It was a great thought, and he wrote home to the Directors of the London Society, begging them to send out a vessel for the purpose. But before he received an answer to this application, the second year of the Missionary Society of Raiatea was completed, and the contributions they had made during the year, of the labour of their own hands, when sold in Great Britain, amounted, after deducting expenses, to the great sum of more than seven thousand dollars! And beyond all this, the Society had undertaken the support of the teachers that had been sent to Rurutu. Thus the home of Mr. Williams was becoming the source of blessings to the surrounding regions. The inhabitants of other islands, when they heard of the wonderful things that were enjoyed at Raiatea, called it "the light island," so clearly did they see the difference between it and the darkness of their own.

At this juncture, and while Mr. Williams was rejoicing in the success of the gospel, and looking forward to still wider usefulness among the inhabitants of these southern isles, he was

taken suddenly and seriously sick, so that there was great reason to fear that his death was not far off. His fellow missionary, Mr. Threlkeld, had considerable medical skill, and he ministered to the sick man with great anxiety and fidelity, and he was snatched from the borders of the grave, and rescued from immediate danger. But the prospect of restoration to health in that climate was so doubtful, that Mr. Threlkeld advised him to proceed without delay to his native land. To this step Mr. Williams was most unwilling to yield, but as the path of duty was plain, he felt that he must, for a season, forsake his pleasant field, and seek health, without which he was of no service there. When his mind was made up on the subject, the church was called together, and his determination was made known to them. Mr. Williams, in a letter describing the scene, says:

"Poor things, when they heard it, they were almost panic-struck. Many immediately burst into tears, and I was so much affected myself, that I could scarcely speak to them. I exhorted them to more than ordinary prayer, assured them that, with the Lord nothing was impossible, that the prayer of the righteous ever had availed, and ever would avail much with

him; and as it was now my earnest desire to continue amongst them, and their earnest desire that I should, I besought them to cease not to pray that the Lord would remove the affliction. I sat down, and a solemn silence of several minutes ensued. At length, one of the deacons arose, and in a very feeling and affectionate manner, exhorted the people to be instant in prayer that the Lord would remove this affliction, and continue me amongst them. On the next, and for many successive days, the people continued coming to my house, weeping, and saying they could neither eat, drink, nor sleep; very many of whom, we know, expressed the true feelings of their hearts. The poor old king, Tamatoa, (who is now by my side writing a letter to the Directors, which he is about to send with a girdle which has been the death of many a poor creature) came frequently, and requested me not to think of going, and by no means to leave them, asking whether I had no compassion. One day, he came in a great bustle, and said, 'I have been thinking you are a strange man. Jesus did not take care of his body. He did not even shrink from death; and now you are afflicted, you are going to leave us.' I told him that his ideas were incorrect,

for it required the life, health, and strength of a missionary to effect that for which Jesus died. The old gentleman replied,—'I am mistaken, but the heart is coveting you, therefore I am thinking of one thing and thinking of another thing to prevent you from going.'

"While I am upon this subject, I will give you two or three figures which the natives used at our Friday evening meetings, relating to my leaving them. 'I have been grieving,' said one of them, 'at the thought that our teacher is going from us. At present, we are like a house supported by two strong middle posts: and, if one of them is taken away, the house will become weak, and be shaken about by the strong winds.' 'I have been thinking,' said another, 'that we are now like a person with two eyes, but one is going to be taken out. Will it not be very painful to have the eye taken out, and will the man be able to see so well with one eye as with two?'"

The afflicted people gave themselves to prayer! They entreated the Lord to have mercy on them and not remove their beloved missionary. And the Lord heard their prayers, and when all hope of Mr. Williams' recovery at the islands was given up, most unexpect-

edly his sickness began to leave him, health returned, without the use of medicine or other means that had been tried in vain, and soon throughout the island was heard the voice of thanksgiving and praise, that the missionary was not to be taken away. And no one rejoiced more than the missionary himself. Here was his home; he hoped to live and he was willing to die among the islands of the sea.

The reader remembers how John Williams loved his mother. Just as he recovered from sickness he received the sad news that she was dead. He was almost overcome when he heard of it, and his letters written at that time show how dear to his heart she had always been; the mother who had early consecrated him to Christ; whose counsels and prayers had so early impressed religious truth upon his heart, and from whom he had parted with more pain than any thing and all things else when he left his native land. The strong emotions of his heart he utters in the letters to his father and brother and sisters, and no one can read them without deep and tender sympathy. All are ready to say as they read the evidence of his attachment to his mother, "Would that

every child had such a mother, and every mother such a child."

It may also be recollected that Mr. Williams' father was not a pious man, and that the mother alone had borne the responsibility of the early religious instruction of her children. And, wonderful as it is, in the mysterious providence of God, the letter that John Williams wrote to his father as soon as he heard of his mother's death, was the means of bringing him to the Saviour. Yes, the affectionate earnest appeal of his missionary boy, thousands of miles away from him, received many months after his wife's death, reached that father's heart, and by the blessing of God led him to forsake his wicked companions and his sinful ways, to turn unto the Lord. When he was on his death-bed, some years afterward, a missionary who was about to sail for the South Seas called to bid him farewell, and asked him what message he should bear to his son. His reply was, "Tell him, oh! tell him, that the father is saved through the son's instrumentality."

While Mr. Williams was mourning the loss of his dear mother, he did not rest from his labours. He was always abounding in the

work of the Lord. But his health failed again and it was thought necessary that he should make a voyage to Sydney in New Holland. Taking with him two native teachers, he embarked on board a vessel that touched at Raiatea, and sailed to Aitutake, an island that had not yet been visited by a missionary. The natives received them with wonder and delight, and when Mr. Williams had explained to them the object of their visit, he left the teachers with them to instruct them in the way to heaven, and proceeded to Sydney.

Here the first object that engaged his attention, after seeking medical advice, was to obtain a ship for the service of the mission. As he had no authority from the Society at home to make the purchase, he devoted the little property that he had inherited on his mother's death, to this noble and holy purpose, and being joined in the enterprise by Mr. Marsden, another missionary, a ship was procured, and named "the Endeavour" but the natives afterwards called it "THE BEGINNING." He also engaged a man to return with him to instruct the people in raising sugar and tobacco. Writing to the Society at home, he says,

"I am taking with me to the islands, clothes

for the women, shoes, stockings, tea-kettles, tea-cups and saucers, and tea, of which the natives are very fond, and which, I hope, may prove an additional stimulus to the cultivation of sugar. And, moreover, when they have tea, they will want tea-cups, and a table to place them on, and seats to sit upon. Thus we hope, in a short time that European customs will be wholly established in the leeward islands."

While he was staying at Sydney, Sir Thomas Brisbane, then Governor of New South Wales, invited the missionary to his house, gave him the promise of assistance and encouragement, and, on his departure, presented him with several cows, calves, and sheep, for the chiefs and missionaries; while two ensigns and two chapel-bells were added to the donation.

Returning from Sydney, he touched at New Zealand, where he saw the evidences of more cruel barbarism than he had ever beheld. He writes:

"I went on shore the other day, and saw the head of a once powerful chief, named Henakee, with whose party Shungee had gone to war. He was a very fine and noble looking man, and his head is in a perfect state of pre-

servation. The hair, whiskers, eye-brows, beard, etc., are just as they were when he was alive. It is said that he received four balls before he fell, and that he had no sooner fallen than Shungee, and another chief, called King George, ran up to him, severed his head from the body, and with a revengeful glee caught and drank his blood.

"O! how horrible. Lord! what is man that thou art mindful of him? But not satiated with his death and his blood, these dreadful monsters cut him in pieces, roasted his flesh, and devoured it as a most delicious meal. The large canoes are now returning from the war, some of them with human heads fixed at the head and stern. One of our seamen when on shore saw ten of these heads preserved either as spoils of victory, or to sell to Christians for muskets and powder to enable them the more effectually to execute their deeds of blood. O! that the Lord would send more missionaries to New Zealand."

Mr. Williams reached Raiatea on the 28th of April, 1822 and was received with great joy by the people. During his absence a conspiracy had been formed against the government and ten of the men engaged in it had been tried

by a jury and condemned to die, but Mr. Threlkeld, the missionary, had begged for their lives and the sentence was changed to hard labour, in chains, for life.

Shortly after Mr. W's arrival, "The Missionary Ship" reached the islands and the delight of the chiefs and all the people was wonderful, as they saw the ship that was to be employed in carrying from shore to shore the teacher and the word of God.

Mr. Williams immediately proceeded to load the vessel with a cargo of the productions of the island, and to make the necessary preparations for a trading voyage, which would afford great facilities for the introduction of the blessings of civilized life among the barbarous people which they should visit. The Raiateans entered with great industry into the cultivation of tobacco and the sugar-cane. Even the women had little patches of ground which they worked with their own hands, and it was delightful to survey the scene of enterprise which this blooming island now presented.

Again Mr. and Mrs. Williams were on the point of being compelled to leave their station for a colder climate, as the health of both became enfeebled. But again the Lord heard

the anxious prayers of the devoted islanders, and the missionaries were restored to comfortable health. It was exceedingly interesting to observe the manner in which the strong attachment of the natives showed itself under the prospect of losing their friend. One of them said to Mr. Williams, "You desired us to pray for you that God would make your way plain before you, that you might know clearly his will. I have been praying, not that God would make your way plain, but that he would hedge it up. Is mine a right prayer?" To the half-enlightened native it appeared better that Mr. Williams should be kept at the islands, and he wanted his way hedged up, so that he could not go to England. The prayer of the native was answered as he wished though not exactly in the way he expected; Mr. Williams' way was not hedged up but it was made plain that it was his duty to stay.

Ever since the visit of the chief of Rurutu to Raiatea, Mr. Williams had cherished a strong desire to go to Aitutahi and see the progress which the truth had there made. He had heard much of it, and when "the missionary ship" was on its way from Sydney, it touched at Aitutahi, and one of the chiefs sent word to

Mr. Williams that if he would come and see them, they would burn their idols, destroy their idol temples, and receive the word of the true God. Thinking that the voyage would be good for him and Mrs. Williams, whose health was feeble, he embarked with his wife, Mr. Bourne, and six native teachers, who had been solemnly set apart for the work. It was the intention to leave these teachers where they should have the prospect of being useful in instructing the poor islanders in the knowledge of God.

July 9, 1823, they arrived at Aitutahi, and were soon surrounded by canoes, not now filled with wild people, but by those who gave proof at once that the gospel had been among them. From previous intelligence, Mr. W. had expected to find them prepared to abandon their paganism, but he said "the work was finished before we arrived." He saw at once what might be done by means of native teachers, and immediately his active mind was contemplating more extensive results. He had planted the standard at Raiatea; the gospel had spread to Rurutu, and now to Aitutahi, and his desires reached onward to the Hervey group, and the more distant Samoa, and onward still to the savage shore where he finally fell. From the mo-

ment that he saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, the wonderful things that God had done in these islands that no missionary from Christian lands had ever visited, he was satisfied that God was about to bring them under the power of the gospel. Here he placed in his journal those words, so worthy to be remembered by Christians at home as well as by missionaries abroad. "I hope for great things; pray for great things; and confidently expect great things to result from these labours;" and he closes the account of his visit to this island in these words. "Here we spent two most gratifying days and witnessed the most joyful scenes that could present themselves to the eye of a Christian missionary. When I first saw this people, they were stealing everything they could—ends of rope, iron, and even some fish which we had purchased of them just before; and nothing could have been more wild and savage than their appearance. Some of their faces were painted white, red, yellow, or black. Both men and women were dancing and shouting like mad people. But now, nothing of this kind is to be seen, and nothing was stolen except one small piece of iron.

"After taking an affectionate leave of the teachers, and commending them to God, we departed. What solid satisfaction it affords, what peace of mind is enjoyed, in leaving the work of God in the hands of those who are well qualified to conduct it; and whose only aim is the temporal and eternal welfare of the people among whom they labour. But while well pleased with the prospect of usefulness before them, as we went towards the beach, we were much disgusted at seeing some females, who had cut themselves shockingly. The blood was streaming from their heads, faces, breasts, arms, and legs, while their cries and shrieks and howlings were dreadful. On asking them why they did this, they replied, that they were grieving at the departure of their friends. We endeavoured to make them understand that such conduct was exceedingly disgusting, and quite inconsistent with a profession of Christianity; but it has been so common, that there probably is not a woman in the island whose breasts and arms are not scarred from this barbarous custom. The old chief who accompanied us behaved very well. Every friend he met he embraced; and, after giving his friend's nose a hearty rub with his own, he walked on, quite

unconcerned at the hideous cries they set up. The people loaded us with all the kinds of food which their island produces."

Taking their departure from this lovely island they searched for Rarotonga, but not finding it, they touched at Mangaia. The natives were still as wild as when Captain Cook discovered the island. They refused to come off to the ship, and one of the converted natives on board swam ashore to try and prevail on the chiefs to receive teachers. But these had no sooner landed than they were seized, stripped, and placed in great danger. Happily they were rescued from the savages, but all hope of introducing the gospel then, was abandoned. After this they touched at Atiu, Mauke, and Mitiaro, where great success followed their short labours.

Mr. Williams now renewed his search for Rarotonga. This was the finest and most populous island of the Hervey group, which he had heard of from the natives of the other islands, but of its position he knew nothing. His joy was therefore great, and of a far different character from the joy of Columbus, when at last he was enabled to find the object of his search, and to give it the light of the glorious

gospel. He looked on the island, not only as found, but as won for Christ, in whose name he made the discovery, and claimed the possession. Nor was his rejoicing in vain. The wonderful change produced by his visit there is recorded as one of the brightest pages in the history of the triumphs of the cross.

Rarotonga was inhabited by the most savage and treacherous cannibals. Of this Mr. Williams had received the most fearful assurance from the people of Aitutaki, but he still hoped through the natives that had accompanied him, one of whom was the king's cousin, to obtain a favourable reception. The king promised them protection, and the native teachers went ashore. But the first night was one of danger and distress, and in the morning they hastened back to the ship with a terrible tale of woe. The fierce and licentious savages were determined to seize upon the teachers and awful would have been their sufferings, both males and females, if it had not been for the cousin of the king. This heroic woman remained all night by her female friends, and at the risk of her own life, resisted with tears, entreaties and even force, the vile attempts of her degraded and savage countrymen. "It is cruel," she

cried, "it is cruel to treat them thus. They have taught me, and treated me with the greatest kindness, and brought me back to Rarotonga. Had it not been for the word of God, I should have died at Aitutaki. You would never have seen my face again, nor I yours." Thus she kept them from horrid violence upon the teachers who had come to do good, and as soon as the morning came, they made their way back to the ship. What could be done for these miserable and ferocious savages? Would any one stay among them with the prospect of being killed and eaten! Yes, the devoted *Papeiha*, who swam ashore when they first arrived, remained alone. We shall return to this island again, from which Mr. Williams, in the missionary ship, now departed, and, after having been absent five weeks, re-entered the harbour of Raiatea, bearing the idols of Aitutaki suspended from the masts of the vessel as trophies of victory.

CHAPTER V.

Another voyage projected—Sails and returns—The Missionary Ship sold—Feast—Removal of settlement—A new church built—Native speeches—Goes to Rarotonga—Natives—New chapel—The language—Interesting incidents.

Roused by what he had seen and heard in his last voyage of discovery, Mr. Williams was determined to attempt still wider and nobler enterprises for Christ. He wrote to the Directors of the Society at home;

"It is our duty to visit surrounding islands. You have fourteen or fifteen missionaries in these islands, enough to convert all the islands of the South Seas, and every one of these within a thousand miles of us ought now to be under instruction. Six good active missionaries, united in heart, mind and plan, could effect more, if you would afford them the means, than you either think or expect. A

missionary was never designed by Jesus Christ to gather a congregation of a hundred or two natives, and sit down at his ease, as contented as if every sinner was converted, while thousands around him, and but a few miles off, are eating each other's flesh, drinking each other's blood, living and dying without the gospel.

For my own part, I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef; and, if means are not afforded, a continent would to me be infinitely preferable; for there, if you cannot ride, you can walk; but to these isolated islands a ship must carry you." In another letter he adds, "Did you know the state of the surrounding islands, how ripe they are for the reception of the Gospel, you would sell the very gods out of your museum, if it were necessary, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to those now sitting in darkness."

To carry out this spirit, so much like that of the great Apostle Paul, Mr. Williams undertook another voyage to go from island to island, and, in the name and power of God to throw down the idols of the heathen. Embarking in the missionary ship he first went to Rurutu, and was joyfully welcomed by the converts and teachers there. He was astonished and

delighted to hear the natives praying and speaking on the subject of religion with so much propriety, showing that their minds had been greatly improved. And then their houses and their habits showed that the gospel was doing for them just what it had done for the Raiateans. They had formed a missionary society and were giving liberally, according to their ability, to spread the knowledge of the Saviour.

Thence he proceeded to Rimatara, an island which he had never visited, but Mr. Orsmond, another missionary, had left native teachers there, and the savages had embraced the truth of God! Wonderful, joyful news! He went on shore and found a large chapel built, and the people were waiting for a missionary to come and dedicate it to the Most High God! Mr. Williams entered the pulpit, the natives thronged the house, and he preached unto them Jesus, in walls that had never before echoed to a Christian preacher's voice! After a pleasant and profitable visit among the people of this island, he returned to his work at Raiatea.

As these voyages were made with the double purpose of extending the gospel, and affording the industrious natives an opportunity of dis-

posing of their productions by commerce, the impression was made very naturally on the minds of the Directors of the Society, that there was danger of a spirit of worldly speculation among the missions in these islands. Mr. Williams' plans of trading with the colony at Sydney, were therefore censured, and at the same time an order was issued by the governor of the colony, laying so high a tax on the tobacco raised at the islands, that they were unable to cultivate it to any profit. Under these painful and most discouraging circumstances, Mr. Williams, with the concurrence of the chiefs, determined to lade the vessel with the most marketable articles they had, and to send it to Sydney, that the vessel and cargo might be disposed of to the best advantage. It was a severe trial to him to part with a vessel by means of which he had already done so much good and in which he had expected to do far more for the advancement of the great work in those regions. "We have just heard," he says, "that several of the islands lately visited in this schooner, have partially embraced Christianity, and are only waiting for a visit from missionaries to embrace it fully. But, alas! alas!

the vessel must be sold, and there is no missionary ship in which to visit them."

The vessel was sent off in compliance with the wishes of the Directors, and Mr. Williams was confined for the present "within the limits of a single reef."

But there was much to do at home, and he was always contriving something for the improvement and happiness of the people around him. It was determined to have a great religious feast-day. This was something altogether new to the natives. Upon a wide and elevated platform there were set *four hundred tables*, loaded with food, and the people sat down by them, and "did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." The feast consisted of all kinds of provision which the island produced; but there was no wine, or ardent spirits. The juice of the cocoa-nut was their only beverage. Pine-apples and bananas formed the desert. No one was disorderly, but all were cheerful and happy. The feast was opened with prayer, and addresses were made from time to time by the natives, in which they sought to excite one another to diligence in duty, and the cultivation of all the graces of Christian and civilized life. A pleasant party this must

have been to the missionary who had known this people, so lately, as miserable and cruel savages.

A vessel from America, the General Gates, Captain Biggs, touched at the islands with a cargo of rum, which Captain Biggs tried in vain to sell, and then to give away, but the Raiateans had no occasion to use it, and they refused to touch it. So the captain, after enticing two or three women to come on board, cut his cable, and put off to sea. Is it not a sad thought, that men from Christian countries can be so wicked as to go to these islands of the sea, where the missionaries are spending their strength and life for the heathen, and there sell the rum that makes men brutes! The experience of all the missionaries among the islands of the sea, has been that the example of sailors from Christian lands is one of the greatest trials with which they have to contend.

The settlement of the Raiateans, proving to be in many respects disadvantageous, it was thought best to remove to the opposite side of the island. This removal was attended necessarily with immense labour and expense, but it was cheerfully undertaken and successfully accomplished.

About the same time, Mrs. Threlkeld, the

wife of Mr. Williams' associate, suddenly died, and he returned to England, leaving Mr. Williams to sustain the increased burdens of the mission, with only his colleague, Mr. Bourne.

Mrs. Williams was a faithful assistant in all her husband's plans. In one of his letters he says:

"Mrs. W. holds a meeting with twenty or more of the most pious natives, which she conducts much to my satisfaction. They read a chapter verse by verse, and converse upon it. They then deliver their sentiments upon a topic proposed the previous week. Another work of my good wife is amongst the poor old women, the lame, the blind, and the deaf. These she has formed into a class, which she meets twice a week. She has induced them all to procure bonnets, which she has trimmed for them, and those who had no decent clothes, she has clad. A seat in the chapel is set apart for them. They are about forty in number.

"When this class was first formed, Mrs. Williams made a large feast for them. On this occasion, the speeches of the poor old women were simple and affecting. I will give you a few of them: 'We were as dead, now we are come to life;' 'We were old and decrepid, now

we are young again;' 'We were despised and neglected, now we are sought out by our elder sister, and eating what our ancestors never saw or heard of,—English food' (the allusion was to some rice and treacle) 'in the house of the Oromedua;' 'We were dirty and ragged, now we have good cloth, and even coverings for our heads;' 'We thought our days were past, and that we should never come back again into the world; we were laid aside as cast-aways, but now we are beginning to live again. It is good we lived to see these days. To the word and compassion of God are we indebted.' They now have frequent feasts, at which I generally call, and spend half an hour with the old people. The plan originated with Mrs. Williams, and the management is entirely her own.

"We have lately had our new house built. Mrs. Williams's class of old people wanted to know what part they could do to it. At length they divided themselves into two classes, and made two fine large mats, one for the sitting, the other for the best room. Besides attending to these, she is continually employed cutting out gowns, teaching the females to sew, etc."

Cheered by the constant evidence around

him that a good work was going on among the people of his own island, Mr. Williams was also gladdened by hearing occasionally of the great things that God was doing at other stations. How delightful to his soul was such intelligence as this that came to him over the sea from Rurutu, Aitutaki and Rarotonga.

"From Rurutu we have lately received glad tidings, and the chief has come again, with a native whom we are instructing in many useful arts. As soon as he came, I set him to work, and though he has been here but six or eight weeks, he can make a good panneled door. He is now learning to turn. From Aitutaki and Rarotonga we have obtained the most pleasing information by the return of my boat's crew, who we supposed were lost. Poor fellows! they were for seven weeks reduced to dreadful extremities, but yet maintained family worship night and morning, and, while it lasted, cooked their food on Saturday for the Sab bath, which day they spent in the sacred exercises of singing, reading and praying! They were compelled at length to eat the husk of the cocoa-nut soaked in oil, and upon this they subsisted for some time, until, almost in a state of starvation, they reached Atiu, and God sent

them there just at the period when their presence was required to aid the teachers, and turn the people from their idolatries. By them we have heard also from Aitutaki, where now

> 'Lions and beasts of savage name,
> Put on the nature of the lamb,'

and the lovely little island exhibits a fine settlement stretching along the beach, which is lined with pretty little white cottages, having a fine large chapel in the centre. This interesting station I shall nourish as a father does his own offspring. We have there a fine spirited native teacher, named Paumoana. These things afford great encouragement, and constrain me to ask, 'What am I, or what is my father's house, that I should have been brought hitherto?"

"From Rarotonga our men have brought us the most pleasing news, with ocular demonstration of the triumphs of the 'mighty Gospel.' All idolatry is abolished in this populous island. They have erected a chapel one hundred and six fathoms in length! Perhaps you may say I have made a mistake, but I have not. It is upwards of six hundred feet long, and all the people cannot get into it. It is crowded with-

in and without. The messengers brought with them a few idols; but they say a house nearly full is waiting my arrival. Here is a fine field, *ripe* in the fullest sense of the word—'*white* to the harvest.' How short a time for accomplishing such great things!"

In Raiatea, the settlement being changed from one side of the island to the other, the people were obliged to leave the large church which they had built some time before and to erect another. This was done in a style of elegance never before attempted in those parts of the world. It even had folding doors in front and nine arched glass-windows, in the front of it. It was painted too! It was placed on a high spot of ground, so that to vessels approaching the island, the CHURCH was the first object in sight, and it told with silent but impressive eloquence of the wonderful change which had been wrought since the gospel was introduced.

Near the close of the year 1825 Mr. and Mrs. Pitman arrived at Tahiti, being sent out with the view of establishing a mission at Rarotonga, and soon after Mr. Williams had the joy of welcoming him to his own family. The plan of spreading the gospel through all these

islands, was constantly on the heart of Mr. W. and he urged the subject with great seriousness and frequency upon the attention of the Directors. "Here" he says, "are missionaries labouring within narrow spheres, with thousands on every side waiting ready to receive the gospel. Fifty native teachers might be obtained from our churches." Why cramp us, with all the means, but money, at our command. Of all the islands we have visited, it might almost be said "We came, we saw, we conquered.' Thus was his soul longing continually for the salvation of the perishing heathen.

But while unable, for the want of a vessel, to fly over the sea to the destitute and dying, he was untiring in his labours at Raiatea. And the Lord crowned his labours here with increasing success. He gives us an account of a meeting for free conversation with the people, which, he says, is a specimen of many meetings which they have. The subject was the divinity of Christ, and the people were to express their several opinions and to give their reasons.

"I firmly believe," said the first speaker, "that Jesus Christ is God as well as man."

"Are you not mistaken?" was the reply; "was not Jesus man and man only?" "I believe," rejoined the first, "that Jesus was really man, for he had both the body and soul of man; but he was God as well as man, for he took on himself the form of man. If he had been only man, he could not have died for sinners." "Is not that a proof," asked another, "that he is not God? If God, why die?" First speaker: "His dying only proves him to be man; his rising again proves him to be God." "And if," added another, "he was only man, why so much ado about his death? Many have died cruel deaths; Paul was beheaded, and Peter was crucified, but there is not so much said about their deaths." "Ah but," rejoined another, "lately Tuihe died among us, and there was a great ado about his death:—what he said, and how happily he died." "But stop," cried one, "did the sun hide himself in darkness at Tuihe's death,—did the rocks rend at Tuihe's death,—did any exclaim at Tuihe's death, *Truly this was the Son of God?*" "But did not Jesus eat food when on earth, and will God eat food?" "I say," was the answer, "he was man as well as God,—therefore did he eat

food." "Give us some other proof that he was God," said another. "The various miracles that he wrought," was the reply. "But did not Peter and all the Apostles work miracles?" "Yes, but they did their miracles with borrowed power; and, when they returned, did they not tell Jesus that they did all in his name, and not in their own; and even that they had cast out devils in his name?" Another said, "Is not the star that led the wise men from the East a proof of the Divinity of Jesus?" "But, if really God, would he have been laid in a manger?" "Yes," said another, "for did he not humble himself, and lay aside his glory as God? If he had come in his glory, would not man have exceedingly feared? We know what Moses said." Another added, "When Jesus was baptized by John, did not God say from heaven, *This is my beloved Son*,—did not the Spirit descend upon him,—did not the heavens open? and what is all this, but proof that he was really God?" "But have not others been spoken to from heaven?" "Who —who?" "Paul was addressed from heaven,—Peter was addressed from heaven." "True, but did God say to Paul, *Thou art my beloved Son?*" Another, "Could any *man* feed five

thousand with a few loaves and fishes?" Another, "Angels attended at the birth of Christ: a great company." "Angels attended also about John." "An angel brought the message to Zacharias, but angels did not attend at his birth, and sing, *Glory to God*, etc. Another, "If he had been only man, he would have been in the cave to the present day." "Don't you know that his disciples stole him away?" "Was he stolen?—that's a lame tale. If the soldiers were asleep, how could they know he was stolen?" "Well, how can you prove that he is gone to heaven? was he not seen on earth after he rose? did he not ask meat of his disciples, and converse with them?" "Stop, friend," one replied, "is it general with dying men to rise again, and go about and ask meat, and converse with their friends?" "You talked about miracles; does not our missionary cure the lame, the halt, and the blind?" Answer, "How many people did Jesus bleed,—to whom did he give medicine? Our missionary cures by giving medicine; Jesus did so by his voice only." "Stay, did not Jesus mix clay with spittle, and anoint the eyes of the blind?" "But is that medicine? *You* take clay, or sand, or coral, and anoint the eyes of

Taeva, (a blind man,) and see what a miracle you will make of it." "Is it a Godlike action to pray? is there not something *un-godlike* in praying?" Answer—"For you, the prayerless, did he pray." "How is it that he took other people's corn on the Sabbath-day?" "Don't you know that he is Lord of all,—made the sea, and all that is in it,—the earth, and all that is in it; besides, they were hungry, and God loves mercy better than sacrifice."

Mr. Bourne was compelled by the ill health of his wife to leave the islands, and Mr. Williams desiring to go with Mr. and Mrs. Pitman to Rarotonga, decided to leave Raiatea under the care of *Tuahine*, an officer of the church, while he went abroad to carry the gospel. April 26, 1827 Messrs. Williams and Pitman with their wives sailed in a vessel that providentially touched at Raiatea, and May 5, arrived off Rarotonga.

The sea was extremely rough, and being obliged to go three miles to the shore in a small boat that leaked continually, they came very near being lost in sight of the island. The sea was running so high when they were leaving the ship for the boat, that Mr. Williams was thrown over with his infant child

and was with difficulty saved. An immense multitude of natives assembled to welcome the missionaries, and as all must "shake hands" and show how glad they were by the "violent squeeze," the missionaries had occasion to remember the salutation for a considerable time afterwards.

And what a change was now presented, between the island as it was when Mr. Williams first saw it, and the present scene. They entered the chapel crowded completely with natives, who recently were pagans, now listening to the gospel from the lips of a native convert from another island.

The next week after their arrival, the people removed from the settlement to another a few miles distant. The natives were delighted with the opportunity of waiting upon the missionaries, some carrying a teakettle, another a frying pan, and others taking the women and children on their shoulders, trudged on with great glee.

Soon after being settled in their new homes, the missionaries were invited by the natives to take seats outside of the houses one pleasant day; and soon a large concourse of people approached, bearing heavy burdens. They walk-

ed in order, and laid at the feet of the missionaries, fourteen huge idols, the smallest of which was about fifteen feet long. Some of these idols were torn to pieces by the natives, others were saved to be used in building a chapel! And one was sent to England for the missionary museum. One of these idols was *the fishermen's god*, and the natives never went to fish without asking the idol to bless them. Christians may learn a lesson from these heathen, never to undertake any business until they have sought a blessing from the true God.

The chapel in which they worshipped was so small that they set about building another, and at this time occurred the circumstance to which we have before alluded, of *the talking chip*. As Mr. Williams had gone to his work one morning without his square, he took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote on it a request that Mrs. Williams would send it to him; and he gave it to a native to carry to Mrs. W. The man asked what he should say. Nothing, Mr. W. told him, but carry the chip. "How can this speak," said he, "has this a mouth?" He took it to the house and gave it to Mrs. Williams, who went immediately and got the square. "But," said he, "how do you

know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?" "Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?" "Yes, but I did not hear it say any thing." "If you did not, I did, for it made known to me what you wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible." With this the chief leaped out of the house, caught up the wonderful chip, and ran through the settlement crying out, "See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk! they can make chips talk!" He was so much delighted with his discovery that he tied the chip around his neck and wore it for some time.

The language of these islanders differed so much from the Tahitian, that Mr. Williams had to translate portions of the Bible into their own tongue, and in this and his other works, he found enough to employ all his time. As soon as the church was completed, a part of the people returned to the old settlement with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, while Mr. and Mrs. Pitman remained with the rest. Thus the labour of the missionaries was equally divided, and the industry of the people quickened. Soon they introduced the code of laws established at Raiatea, and had the pleasure of seeing it cheer-

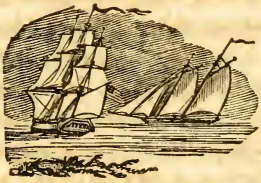
fully adopted by the people. The gospel was as mighty at Rarotonga, as it had been in Raiatea, convincing the chiefs and the people that they needed laws to restrain them, and bringing them to submit quietly to those wholesome restraints. But what the wisdom of man would fail in bringing to pass, is very easily and speedily done by the Spirit and the truth of God.

And now that the gospel was firmly established in the hearts of the Rarotongians, the devoted Williams was longing for the privilege of carrying the same glad tidings to islands that had not yet heard its joyful sound. But how could he go? He had been waiting for months for a vessel to touch at the island to carry him back to Raiatea, but no vessel had come. The islands that he now wished to visit were nearly two thousand miles off, and how should he reach them? The resolution to which he came, and the success with which it was carried out, were the most remarkable features in his eventful life.

HE RESOLVED TO BUILD A SHIP!

Ignorant of almost every step to be taken, destitute of the most important tools, and with no assistants but the natives; yet undismayed by

all these difficulties, and relying on God for health and strength, he devoted himself to the work. As this is so remarkable an achievement, we shall give the account of it, and of the first voyage, in his own words.



CHAPTER VI.

Builds a ship—The pair of bellows—Want of books—Troubles from rats—Ship finished—Voyage to Aitutaki—Return—Pleasing incidents.

The young reader will not forget that our friend John Williams was once actively at work in a blacksmith's shop. Never did he regret that there he learned the use of tools, and it would be well if all missionaries to pagan lands would spend a short time before they go abroad, in becoming practically acquainted with some of the common mechanical arts. Mr. Williams was doubtless more ingenious than most men are, and was thus enabled to accomplish many things which others would not have attempted. But there are thousands of occasions among rude people, where a knowledge of the simple arts of civilized life is of unspeakable importance. This fact will be fully illustrated by the following narrative:

"My first step was to make a pair of smith's

bellows; for it is well known that little can be done towards the building of a ship without a forge. We had but four goats on the island, and one of these was giving a little milk, which was too valuable to be dispensed with; so that three only were killed; and with their skins, as a substitute for leather, I succeeded, after three or four days' labour, in making a pair of smith's bellows. These, however, did not answer very well; indeed, I found bellows-making to be a more difficult task than I had imagined, for I could not get the upper box to fill properly; in addition to which my bellows drew in the fire. I examined publications upon mechanic arts, dictionaries, and encyclopædias, but not one book in our possession gave directions sufficiently explicit for the construction of so common an article; and it appears to me a general deficiency in all the works I have seen on the useful arts, that instructions and explanations sufficiently simple are not supplied, by which an important and useful object may be accomplished by means less complex than the machinery of civilized countries. When, for example, we were anxious to make sugar, and, for this purpose, carefully read the article on sugar-boiling, in the most

popular encyclopædia in our possession, not having the apparatus therein described, we derived no practical benefit from it. If, in addition to a thorough and scientific description, plain and simple directions, were appended for manufacturing the article without the expensive machinery in common use, it would certainly be of immense service to persons situated as we, and emigrants to new colonies, have been. These remarks are applicable to soap-boiling, salt-making, paper-manufacturing, and a variety of other processes of a similar nature.

"Missionaries, and others leaving the country, when in search of information upon various important subjects, fail in their object, by seeking it where every thing is effected by complex machinery, and all the improvements of the present age are found in perfection. It was so with us. We were taken to places of the above description; we gazed, we wondered, and were delighted, but obtained no practical information: for few imagine that there is any other way of effecting an object than that which they see. All persons going to uncivilized countries, especially missionaries, should seek that knowledge which may be easily applied, as they have to do every thing them-

selves, and in situations where they cannot obtain the means in general use elsewhere. It may, by some, be thought unwise to go back a hundred years, and employ the tedious processes then in use, rather than embrace the facilities which the experience of succeeding ages has afforded. Such observations are specious, but unsound. Let the circumstances of the Missionary, and the state of the people to whom he goes, be taken into the account, and it must be at once obvious that the simplicity of the means used two or three hundred years ago would better suit both his condition and theirs than the improvements of modern times.

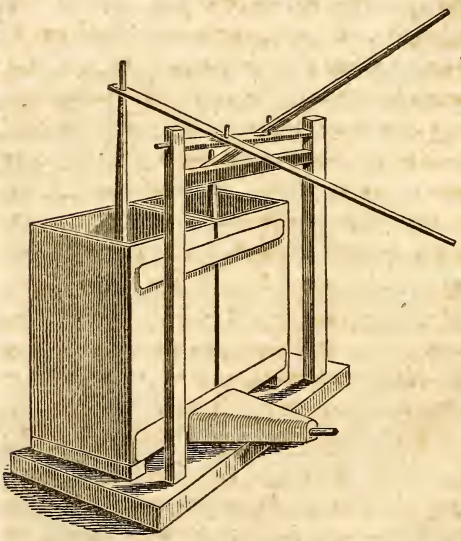
"On our arrival at Raiatea, I took my old English bellows to pieces; not, as the tale goes, to look for the wind, but to ascertain the reason why mine did not blow as well as others. I had not proceeded far when the mystery was explained, and I stood amazed at my own ignorance; for, instead of making the pipe communicate only with the upper chamber, I had inserted it into the under as well, by which, the wind escaped, and the flame was drawn in. To complete my perplexities, the rats, which, at Rarotonga, were like one of the plagues of

Egypt,* as if by general consent, congregated during the night in immense numbers, and devoured every particle of the goat's skin; and, on entering the workshop in the morning, I was mortified by the discovery that nothing remained of my unfortunate bellows but the bare boards. This was really vexatious, for I had no material to supply the loss. Still bent upon the accomplishment of my object, and while anxiously considering the best means "to raise the wind," for that was essential to my success, it struck me that, as a pump threw water, a machine constructed upon the same principle must of necessity throw wind. I therefore made a box, about eighteen or twenty

* Concerning the abundance of rats in Aitutaki, Mr. Williams says: "The island is plentifully supplied with fruits of various kinds; but there are no quadrupeds except rats, and they are as plentiful as flies on a summer's day. While we were there conversing with a company who were seated on the ground, taking their meals, a rat came up to obtain his share of the food, when a man took him by the tail, flung him away, and continued his feast. Presently more came up on the same errand. Immediately, he took one of them between his fingers and gave it a pinch, and tossed it away, saying to us, 'See! it is dead.' Of the others, he took no more notice than we should of flies."

inches square, and four feet high; put a valve at the bottom, and fitted in a damper, similar to the piston in the cylinder of a steam engine. This we loaded with stones to force it down with velocity, and attached to it a long lever, by which it was again raised. Before placing it near the fire we tried it, and were delighted with our success; but, on bringing it in contact with that devouring element, its deficiencies were soon developed. In the first place, we found that there was too great an interval between the blasts, and, secondly, that, like its predecessor, it sucked in the fire so fast that in a few minutes it was in a blaze. We soon extinguished the flames, and remedied the evil by making a valve at the back of the pipe which communicated with the fire, and opened to let out the wind, and shut when the machine was filling. To overcome the other inconvenience, we concluded, that, if one box would give us one blast, two would double it, and we therefore made another of the same dimensions, and worked them alternately; thus keeping up a continual blast, or, rather, a succession of blasts. Eight or ten men were required to blow them; but labour was cheap, and the natives were delighted with the employment.

With this contrivance we did all our iron work, using a perforated stone for a fire-iron, an anvil of the same material, and a pair of carpenter's pincers for our tongs. As a substitute for coals, we made charcoal from the



cocoa-nut, tamani, and other trees. The first iron the natives saw worked excited their astonishment exceedingly, especially the welding of

two pieces together. Old and young, men and women, chieftain and peasant, hastened to behold the wonder; and when they saw the ease with which heated iron could be wrought, they exclaimed, "Why did not we think of heating the hard stuff also, instead of beating it with stones? "What a reign of dark hearts Satan's is!" Nothing, however, excited more interest than the pumps; even the king was so much delighted, that he frequently had his favourite stool carried on board the ship, and entertained himself for hours by pumping out the bilge water. Being without a saw, we split the trees in half with wedges; and then the natives hewed them with small hatchets, which they tied to a crooked piece of wood as a handle, and used thus as a substitute for the adze. When we wanted a bent or twisted plank, having no apparatus for steaming it, we bent a piece of bamboo to the shape required, sent into the woods for a crooked tree, and by splitting this in half we obtained two planks suited to our purpose. Having but little iron, we bored large auger holes through the timbers, and also the outer and inner plank of the vessel, and drove in wooden pins, termed trenails, by which the whole fabric was held firmly together. As a

substitute for oakum, we used what little cocoa-nut husk we could obtain, and supplied the deficiency with dried banana stumps, native cloth, or other substances which would answer the purpose. For ropes we obtained the bark of the habiscus, constructed a rope machine, and prepared excellent cordage from that article. For sails we used the mats on which the natives sleep, and quilted them that they might be strong enough to resist the wind. After making a turning-lathe, we found that the aito, or iron wood, answered remarkably well for the sheaves of blocks. By these means the whole was completed in fifteen weeks; when we launched a vessel, about sixty feet in length, and eighteen feet in breadth, and called her, "The Messenger of Peace," which she has proved to be on many occasions. The hanging of the rudder occasioned me some difficulty; for having no iron sufficiently large for pintles, we made them from a piece of a pickaxe, a clumsy adze, and a large hoe. They answered exceedingly well; but being doubtful of this, I prepared a substitute for a rudder, in case any part of it should give way.

"Thinking it prudent to try our vessel before we ventured to Tahiti, which was seven

or eight hundred miles from us, I determined on a visit to our interesting station at Aitutaki, which was only about one hundred and seventy miles distant. The king Makea, never having seen any other island, determined to accompany me. Raising our wooden and stone anchors, and hoisting our mat sails, I took my compass and quadrant and put to sea, accompanied only by natives. We had not proceeded above six miles from the shore, when in shifting the sails, the natives not observing what was said to them, and not being acquainted with maritime usages, let the foresail go, and as the wind was very strong, it broke our foremast. Providentially, however, about twelve or fifteen feet above the deck was left standing; and having cleared the wreck, and hoisted a part of our sail on the broken mast, we turned back, and were thankful to find that we should reach the land, although several miles to leeward of the harbour. We filled a cask with stones, which, in addition to our wooden anchor, we hoped might hold the vessel outside the reef; and if not, I resolved on the desperate alternative of running upon it, by which the vessel, in all probability would have been dashed to pieces; but this was preferable

to being driven from the island, with a scanty supply of provisions, and the ship in a crippled state, in a track where there was not an island within a thousand miles. Having, however, a number of natives on board, and making them all work, we succeeded by sunset, contrary to expectation, in reaching the harbour in safety. We got a new mast, repaired our damages, and, in a few days, sailed again. Having a strong and favourable wind, we reached Aitutaki on Sabbath morning, in time to conduct the services of the day.

"After remaining eight or ten days, with much interest to ourselves, and, we hope, advantage to the people, we returned to Rarotonga with a most singular cargo, principally consisting of pigs, cocoa-nuts, and cats; the king having obtained about seventy of the first, and a number of the last. Notwithstanding the singularity of our importation, it was peculiarly valuable to the inhabitants of Rarotonga; for prior to this, they had no other than a breed of small native pigs, of which there were but few, as they were particularly tender, and difficult to rear; and the cats were so valuable that one was quite a treasure, as the rats were astonishingly numerous, so much so indeed,

that we never sat down to a meal without two or more persons to keep them off the table. When kneeling down at family prayer they would run over us in all directions; and we found much difficulty in keeping them out of our beds. One morning, on hearing the servant scream, while making the bed, we ran into the room, and found that four of these intruders, in search of a snug place, had crept under my pillow; they paid, however, for their temerity with their lives. Our friends Mr. and Mrs. Pitman experienced equal inconvenience from these troublesome and disgusting little animals. Some of the trunks were covered with skin, on which the rats commenced very effectual operations, as they had done before upon my unfortunate bellows; and Mrs. Pitman having one night neglected to put her shoes in a place of safety, sought for them the following morning in vain; for these nocturnal ramblers, being in search of a supper, had devoured them; and a pair of shoes in the South Seas is no contemptible loss. This, however, was a serious affair for their fraternity; for our friends complained to the authorities of the station, and a decree of extermination was issued against the whole race of rats; and

after school, man, woman, and child armed themselves with a suitable weapon, and commenced their direful operations. Baskets were made of the cocoa-nut leaves, about five or six feet in length, in which to deposit the bodies of the slain, and in about an hour, no less than thirty of these were filled. Notwithstanding this destruction there did not appear the slightest diminution. From this it will be perceived that cats were not the least valuable animal that could be taken to the island. They, however, did not destroy so many rats as the pigs, which were exceedingly voracious, and did much towards ridding the island of the intolerable nuisance. Besides hogs and cats, Makea and those who accompanied him obtained a considerable quantity of native cloth and mats, which are highly esteemed, and of considerable value at Rarotonga. A large supply of cocoa-nuts was also conveyed from Aitutaki, and this was a valuable portion of our cargo; for a short time before our first visit, a very disastrous war had taken place, in which the king and his party were beaten, and driven for a time to take refuge in a natural fortress in the mountains. The victors cut down and destroyed all the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees,

so that on the north, west, and south sides of the island, which were conquered by the inhabitants of the east, not a cocoa-nut was to be seen. This supply, under these circumstances, was consequently of great value for seed. The king made a distribution of his spoils among his chiefs and friends: all were therefore delighted with the voyage.

"Having never been to sea before, Makea had many wonders to tell. One of his expressions was, "Never again will I call those warriors who fight on the shore; the English only, who battle with the winds and waves of the ocean, are worthy of that name." On our voyage to Aitutaki we had a strong wind and heavy sea, and during the night the waves gave the vessel many severe blows, at which his majesty was much alarmed, and asked me very seriously if she would not be knocked to pieces; and on being assured that there was no danger, he was for a time satisfied, but not so fully as to allow me to be for one moment out of his sight. The weather being very boisterous, I was under the necessity of frequently going on deck during the night. On every such occasion the king followed me, and appeared to feel safe only at my side. And as the wind was un-

favourable, and we were three days and three nights in returning to Rarotonga, on the second evening the king began to get anxious and restless, fearing that we had missed the island, and were sailing "*i te tareva kaua*," or into wide gaping space. On the third evening the sun had retired beneath the horizon and no land was descried. Makea became exceedingly distressed, almost despairing of again beholding his beloved isle. I endeavoured to console him by requesting him to go to sleep till the moon should rise, when I promised that he should see the land. He replied by a very significant question, *ka moe ia e tama?* "can I sleep, friend?" and determined to remain on deck until the time I mentioned, when, to his inexpressible joy, Rarotonga was in sight. His varied and singular expressions evinced the delightful emotions which the sight of the island kindled in his breast. Nothing appeared to excite so much astonishment as the accuracy with which we could tell the time when land would be seen. His inquiries were unceasing, how it was possible we could speak with so much precision about that which we could not see.

"On entering the harbour we were struck

with the appearance of our house; for as the ship had been built just in front of it, much rubbish had been collected, the fence surrounding the front garden was broken down, and the bananas and shrubs destroyed. Now, however, not only was the fence repaired, and the garden well cultivated, but the dark red mountain plantain, and golden banana, fully ripe, were smiling a welcome to us through the splendid leaves which surrounded the trunks that bore them. It appears that Mrs. Williams had intimated to the females who attended her for instruction, that it would afford her pleasure to have the pathway and garden in order by the time of my arrival. They were delighted with the suggestion, and answered "We will not leave a chip against which, on his return, he shall strike his feet." The following morning they commenced making the pathways. For this purpose they placed large flat stones for curb edging, and filled the interval with *kiri-kiri*, or small broken pieces of branching coral, thrown up by the sea; and strewed black pebbles amongst them, which, being intermingled with the white coral, gave to the broad pathway a neat and lively appearance. They then planted the sides with full grown trees. Re-

questing their husbands to repair the fence round the house, they ornamented the enclosure with banana and plantain trees, bearing fruit which would be ripe about the time of our expected return; and the kind people appeared amply rewarded by observing the pleasure which their work afforded us."

CHAPTER VII.

Sorrow of natives at his departure—Sails in the Messenger of Peace—A native officer of the church on a visiting voyage—A pagan messenger for Mr. Williams—Departs on a missionary trip—Incidents at the islands—Savage island—The Samoa group—Interesting anecdotes.

Mr Williams was now prepared to return to Raiatea and make arrangements for a missionary voyage among the islands that had not yet heard of Jesus. Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott arrived at this time to join Mr. and Mrs. Pitman at Rarotonga, and Mr. Williams bade farewell to this lovely and now attractive spot. As he left the station, he said to Mr. Pitman, "The Lord be with you. In three months expect to see me again with thirty native missionaries to begin the work of giving the gos pel to the islands that have not been visited."

The natives loved him and mourned bitterly when they learned that he was going. He had

to press his way to the boat through a crowd, every one eager to shake hands and have a parting look. He went aboard at evening; the moon was shining; it was beautifully calm; and as the boat pushed off from the shore, they struck up a little song of sadness which they continued until he was out of sight; and then they gave vent to their grief in sobs and tears. These were the people who were ready to murder the missionaries when they first came to the shores of Rarotonga. MAKEA, the king of Rarotonga, would go with him, and Mr. Williams consented.

The "Messenger of Peace," (a delightful name for the vessel that was to bear the gospel) now spread her sails to the breeze and after a voyage of fourteen days, cast anchor in the harbour of Tahiti. From this island, Mr. Williams writes home, giving an interesting narrative of the mission at the island he had just left. Speaking of the missionary spirit of the people, he says: "They have formed a missionary auxiliary, and have subscribed two hundred and seventy hogs, which I shall dispose of for the Society at the earliest opportunity. As hogs are very inconvenient articles, they (the subscribers) having to feed them,

perhaps a year or two after they are subscribed, and the sacred animals all this time breaking down the fences, and destroying the people's food, it was determined not to subscribe hogs again; and, as the island produces neither arrow-root nor cocoa-nuts, I made a rope machine for them during my stay there, and taught them to make rope, which they are to contribute this year for the purposes of the Society, and for the purchase of books."

He arrived at Raiatea April 26, 1828, having been absent just one year. He here received the melancholy intelligence of his father's death, though the sweet consolation was mingled with the affliction that he had died in the Lord.

He resumed his accustomed labours with his usual zeal among the people, who were rejoiced beyond measure to receive their best-loved missionary among them again. They had become in some degree divided since he had left them, and one of his duties was to settle their little quarrels and restore peace. His great influence over the minds of the natives made this an easy task. False prophets and teachers had sprung up in other islands during his absence, and pretending to visions and reve-

lations, had led some of the ignorant natives astray, but on coming to Raiatea, they did not find one who was willing to believe them.

After the missionary anniversary, which was a great day at the island, Mr. Williams despatched a native officer of the church in a small vessel to visit the stations on the neighbouring islands, and carry to them supplies. This was the first time that a *native* had been entrusted with such a mission, but the manner in which he discharged his trust was in a high degree gratifying to Mr. Williams. The vessel touched at various islands, and the visit was cheering to the labourers in their various fields, and encouraging to the people. On returning, it touched at Rurutu, where the inhabitants had built a new chapel, and had been waiting two years for Mr. Williams to come and dedicate it. They now sent a special messenger to Raiatea to invite him to come over and perform that service.

Taking with him Tamatoa, the king, and one of the officers of the church, with twenty or thirty of the chiefs, he went to Rurutu, and found the people anxiously awaiting his arrival. The new chapel was a beautiful building, with a pulpit standing on a single pillar, and

the hand-rail to the steps leading to it, was supported by the spears of warriors that had often been dipped in blood. On the morning after arriving Mr. W. says: "At ten o'clock we entered the chapel, taking care to avoid the too common practice of allowing the king to enter first. This is a heathen custom founded upon superstitious notions. They look on the place of worship, as they did on their maraes and canoes, as very sacred, and imagine that the king must enter first, to remove the great sacredness, before other persons dare go in. To remedy this objectionable custom, and yet show the king and chiefs all due respect, I requested that the people might go in, and take their seats, and proposed that the king, the chiefs, the native teachers and myself, should then walk in procession after them. Another point of contention which we succeeded in removing was, who should occupy the king's seat, which was considered more sacred than any other part of the chapel. I requested Tamatoa to take his seat among the people, and some of the under chiefs to occupy the part deemed so sacred. As Tamatoa was of higher rank than any of them, and was not particular where he sat, we naturally concluded that his

example would dissolve the charm, and silence all objections.

"When the people were assembled, I preached to them from Haggai i. 8. After the service, we partook of our food, sitting on the ground, which had been covered with clean grass. There were not more than twenty-five hogs served up, with a proportionate quantity of vegetables. Many speeches were delivered during the dinner, both by the Rurutuans and the Raiateans."

While he was at Rurutu, in the midst of one of the meetings, a chief arose, and in the most simple manner, said, "I am Philip, sent by the king and chiefs of Tubuai to ask you to give us teachers from Raiatea, and take Tubuai under your charge. I have been waiting here for you more than two years; and during this time the raging diseases of Tubuai have swept off my wife and two children. I am bearing it patiently, as I hope to effect an object that will be good for my land. The people are dying, and our land will soon be desolate, and we know not how to prevent its depopulation, but by placing it under your care. We saw the prosperity of Rurutu, and we wished the same for our own island."

Mr. Williams, taking the chief on board, set sail for Rimatara, and having made arrangements for the return of Philip to his island with native teachers, Mr. W. came back to Raiatea, and made preparations for his long-desired voyage to the Navigators' Islands.

For more than eleven years this favoured and fruitful isle, Raiatea, had been cheered with the presence and blessed with the labours of this excellent missionary. Here he had toiled by day and by night; in every kind of work the most faithful, unwearied and successful; never putting upon others what he was able to do himself, but showing, through long years of patient self-denying effort, that the souls of those poor islanders were very dear to his heart. But the time had now come for him to embark on a wider field. As the "Apostle of the seas," with a commission from heaven, he was going forth in the "Messenger of Peace," to carry the news of salvation to the perishing heathen. It was a glorious mission, and well qualified was he for the great work.

Several pious natives were selected to accompany him, and were solemnly set apart for the service. Mr. Barff, a devoted missionary,

also joined the company, and on the 24th of May, 1830, they launched upon the deep.

Mangaia was the first island at which they landed. Here the gospel had exerted a lasting influence. In the centre of the settlement stood the chapel, and stretching along to the right and left were the neat white cottages of the native Christians, partially hid by banana groves. The females were dressed in beautiful white cloth of their own making, and the men had their native robes and straw hats. The people listened with joy to the gospel which Mr. Williams preached to them, but there were many of the natives still heathens, and these were disposed to trouble and even to destroy such as had embraced the gospel. They threatened to burn the Christians' houses, murder their teacher, and make a drinking-cup of his skull. This led to a battle, which terminated in favour of the Christians. Mr. Williams happily succeeded in putting an end to these difficulties, and by making peace among them he prepared the way for the entire overthrow of idolatry in that island.

At Atui, the next island visited, they beheld a scene the most peaceful and prosperous. Here they found the chiefs and some from

neighbouring islands, who had come to be present at the marriage of Roma-tene, the king, to the daughter of the chief of Mauke. Mr. Williams preached in their large chapel, which had been previously "opened" for worship, but which they insisted on his "re-opening."

Thence he went on his way to Mitiaro and Mauke, and reaching Rarotonga, was distressed to hear that a fearful disease, then at its height, was spreading death through that beautiful island. The settlements, lately so smiling, were overgrown with weeds, and gloom was upon the face of all who survived. The few natives who had strength to move, came to Mr. Williams, and seating themselves at his feet, clasped his hands, and mourned in the bitterness of their souls. Many of the women, while wringing their hands with agony, said, "I only am left of all my family; my husband and all my children are gone, and here am I, friendless, husbandless, childless." What was the nature of the disease the missionaries do not state, but they tell us that it was communicated by the sailors of a vessel that touched at the island.

The visit at Rarotonga was short, and leaving with the missionaries a supply of medicines

and other necessaries, they sailed for Aitutaki. Here they hoped to obtain two natives of Raiatea who had gone there as teachers, and whom they now wished to take with them to the more destitute islands. But the inhabitants were so much attached to them that they would not let them go. Two natives of this island, pious and intelligent men, were selected and set apart for the service. The company were delighted by the readiness with which the people repeated the Catechism, and portions of Scripture. They met one class of old women, about thirty in number, some lame, others blind, and all tottering on the brink of the grave. One or two of them could read, having learned after they were sixty years old, and all of them could repeat a catechism which contained the leading principles of Christianity, and several gave pleasing evidence of being prepared for their approaching death. Many of these people had been treated with the greatest cruelty, before the gospel was introduced among them; for as soon as parents became troublesome, it was a common practice for their children to put them to death. Let children in Christian lands think of this! How dreadful must be the condition of those who can murder the parents

that have given them being, and taken care of them! But such is the condition of children, (millions of them,) in lands where the gospel is not known.

At a former visit, Mr. Williams had spoken to the Aitutakeans about the practice of giving money in Christian lands to spread the gospel abroad, and when they expressed their regret that they had no money to give, he told them they might set apart some of their property, such as a pig, and sell it for money when a ship should arrive. The idea delighted them exceedingly, and early the next morning, the squeaking of the pigs which were receiving a particular mark in the ear for the purpose, might be heard from one end of the settlement to the other. They sold these pigs to the captain of a ship, and now handed over to Mr. Williams nearly five hundred dollars as the avails of their pigs.

The "Messenger of Peace" then steered for Savage Island, thus named by Captain Cook, from the fierce appearance and deportment of the inhabitants. As the missionaries approached the island, they saw some natives on the shore, and waved a white flag as a signal of friendship. The natives waved one in return,

and Mr. Williams says, we immediately lowered our boat and made for the shore; but on approaching it, we found them in hostile array, as if to repel an invasion. Each of them had three or four spears, with his sling, and a belt full of large stones. The natives of Aitutaki in the boat spent a few moments in prayer, and then proceeded to the shore, making signs to the savages to lay down their weapons. This being done, they went ashore and were received kindly. After much persuasion they induced one of the natives to enter the boat, and with him they returned to the ship. He was an old chieftain, tall, and smeared all over with oil and charcoal; his cheek-bones raised and prominent; his countenance most forbidding; his hair and beard long and gray, and the latter, plaited and twisted together, hung from his mouth like so many rat-tails. On reaching the deck of the ship, this old man would leap from place to place, as nimbly as a boy, and all attempts to talk with him were useless, as he would not stand still for a moment. He gave them a specimen of a war dance, poising and shaking his spear, running to and fro, leaping and screaming like a madman. Then he distorted his features most

horribly, extending his mouth, gnashing his teeth, and forcing his eyes almost out of their sockets, and finally concluded by thrusting the whole of his long grey beard into his mouth, and gnawing it with the most savage vengeance. He returned to the shore, taking with him various presents. Still the natives did not manifest any friendly feelings, but the two Aitutakeans went ashore again, and a crowd of natives gathered around them, handled, smelt, and all but tasted them, and became so familiar that they were glad to make their escape to the ship. They declined staying there, and two of the natives of the Savage Island being induced to come on board, they were carried off to be educated under gospel influence, and sent back to their friends. This was not the right way of providing for the spiritual wants of this people, though it was meant for good.

From Savage Island the "Messenger of Peace," proceeded to Tongatabu, where Mr. Williams met with Fanea, a chief from the Samoa Islands, who entreated that two teachers might return with him to his home. He took passage with the missionaries and proved a great blessing to his people.

Mr. Williams remained here a fortnight in friendly intercourse with the Wesleyan missionaries stationed there, and with the natives, who loaded him and his companions with kindness while they stayed, and with presents at their departure. Thence they pushed onward to Lefuga, where they met with Finan, a fierce and savage chief of the Vavan Islands, who had made a cruel decree that no one of his subjects should on pain of death embrace the gospel. When Mr. Williams found him, he was amusing himself by throwing a spear into the air with so much skill that it would come down and stick in the top of a post. Finan was asked if he would allow teachers to come among his people, and he said that if they were sent, he would protect them, but he would kill the first man, woman, or child that believed what they said! Under these circumstances it was not safe to attempt any thing at present for these poor people, and the "Messenger of Peace" left the island.

A few days afterwards, the mission-voyagers were gladdened with the sight of the Samoa group, and as soon as they approached Savaii, they were surrounded by canoes filled with natives, who announced the pleasing news

that Tamafaigna, a chief, had just been slain! Why was this news pleasing? This man was looked upon by the people as a god, and he ruled them with the most cruel tyranny. If he should oppose the introduction of teachers, there could be little hope of success. But the Lord removed him just as the gospel was coming to his shores. As the "Messenger of Peace" cast anchor, the natives came on board in crowds and manifested unbounded delight, while Fanea, now at home, was loud in praise of the missionaries, and of the wonderful things that were expected from their coming. The native teachers went on shore and remained over night, being kindly received and entertained by the chiefs and people. In the morning they returned to the vessel delighted with their reception, and looking upon it as an indication that God had given them favour in the sight of the heathen. There the company landed; eight native teachers, five women, and ten children, to take up their abode among a savage people who had never had the gospel.

The two largest of this group, Upolu and Savaii, (only ten miles apart) were now at war with each other, and the natives were actually fighting fiercely on the shore of the former,

and the houses were blazing, while the missionaries were landing their company on the other.

The landing and reception of Messrs. Barff and Williams on the following day was highly gratifying. As the sun had set before they could reach the shore, the kind people had kindled a blazing beacon, and supplied themselves with torches to guide the visiters. An immense crowd covered the beach, and, with their flaming brands, formed a guard of honour to the house of Malietoa, the chief, whither the brethren were borne in triumph, "sprawling," to use Mr. Williams's own words, "at full length upon their extended arms and hands." But "the majority had enough to do to gaze upon the wonderful strangers, and for this purpose, had climbed the cocoa-nut and other trees, upon the trunks and branches of which they were seen in clusters, by the red glare of the fire and torches, peeping with glistening eyes and wondering look from amongst the rich, dark foliage which surrounded them." A song in honour of "the two great English chiefs" was speedily composed, set to music, and, with the accompaniment of all manner of native instruments and dancing, sung in full chorus by the people.

They went immediately to the residence of the native teachers; whose wives prepared for them a cup of tea, "the very first," says Mr. Williams, "ever made on the island of Savaii, and after family prayer, they screened off an apartment with native cloth, where we stretched our weary limbs upon our mats, and using a bundle of dried grass for a pillow, closed our eyes in sleep, thankful to God for having prospered our way beyond our most sanguine expectations."

The missionaries, on the following day, entered upon the great business which had brought them to these savage shores. They assembled the chiefs and told them of their plans to instruct the people in the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and desired pledges of their willingness to receive the teachers and protect them. The principal chief said, "If the people do not treat them well, I will go to a strange land and die there." On other islands, the teachers landed at the peril of their lives, were plundered and abused, while here they were welcomed with open arms, by chiefs and people, who vied with each other in expressions of kindness and delight. Four good dwellings were given them, and the best house in the set-

tlement was set apart for public worship and instruction.

In form the men were neither so tall nor so muscular, and the females were not so beautiful as the Tahitians and Friendly islanders. But of all the South Sea islanders whom he had seen, Mr. Williams pronounced these Samoans to be the most regular in form and most polished in their manners. The following is the portrait which he draws of a Samoan gentleman and lady:

"Picture to yourself a fine well-grown Indian, with a dark, sparkling eye, a smooth skin, glistening from the head to the hips with sweet-scented oil, and tastefully tatooed from the hips to the knees, with a bandage of red leaves, oiled and shining also; a head-dress of the nautilus shell, and a string of small white shells around each arm, and you have a Samoan gentleman in full dress; and, thus dressed, he thinks as much of himself, and the ladies think as much of him, as would be the case with an English beau fitted out in the highest style of fashion. A Samoan lady, in full dress for a ball, wears a beautifully white silky looking mat around her loins, with one corner tucked up, a wreath of sweet-smelling flowers

around her head, a row or two of large blue beads about her neck; her skin shining with scented oil, and the upper part of her person deeply tinged with turmeric rouge. The ladies spend a considerable time in preparing for company, as much so, *perhaps*, as their more enlightened sisters in Christian and civilized lands, and two or three 'lady's maids' will be required to assist in these decorations. They are not tatooed like the men, but many of them are spotted all over."

One day while he was there, Mr. Williams was invited to the house of Malietoa, and on arriving, the following scene was witnessed, which we give in his own words.

"We found that Malietoa had sent some axes, and other things which we had given him, and purchased a handsome young wife, who had just arrived, and that the ceremony of marriage was now about to commence. A group of women, seated under the shade of a noble tree, which stood at a short distance from the house, chanted, in a pleasing and lively air, the heroic deeds of the old chieftain and his ancestors; and opposite to them, beneath the spreading branches of a bread-fruit tree, sat the newly purchased bride, a tall and

beautiful young woman, about eighteen years of age. Her dress was a fine mat, fastened round the waist, reaching nearly to her ancles; while a wreath of leaves and flowers, ingeniously and tastefully entwined, decorated her brow. The upper part of her person was anointed with sweet-scented cocoa-nut oil, and tinged partly with a rouge prepared from the turmeric root, and round her neck were two rows of large blue beads. Her whole deportment was pleasingly modest. While listening to the chanters, and looking upon the novel scene before us, our attention was attracted by another company of women, who were following each other in single file, and chanting, as they came, the praises of their chief. Sitting down with the company who had preceded them, they united in one general chorus, which appeared to be a recital of the valorous deeds of Malietoa and his progenitors. This ended, a dance in honour of the marriage was commenced, which was considered one of their grandest exhibitions, and held in high estimation by the people. The performers were four young women, all daughters of chiefs of the highest rank, who took their stations at right angles, on the fine mats with which the dan-

cing-house was spread for the occasion, and then interchanged positions with slow and graceful movements both of their hands and feet, while the bride recited some of the mighty doings of her forefathers. To the motions of the dancers, and to the recital of the bride, three or four elderly women were beating time upon the mat with short sticks, and occasionally joining in chorus with the recitative. We saw nothing in the performance worthy of admiration, except the absence of every thing indelicate—a rare omission in heathen amusements. We were informed that most of the wives of the principal chiefs were purchased; and that if a sufficient price is paid to the relatives, the young woman seldom refuses to go, though the purchaser be ever so old and unlovely. I prayed that, by the blessing of God upon our labours, the day might speedily arrive when these interesting females should be elevated from this terrible degradation, and, by the benign influence of Christianity, be raised to the dignity of companionship with their husbands, and occupy that station in the social and domestic circle which the females of Tahiti, Rarotonga, and other islands, have attained since the introduction of the gospel."

When Mr. Williams was on his voyage from the Samoa group, he overtook Malietoa going to a neighbouring island to war, and he had his bride in his canoe, as he was afraid if he left her at home she would run away and then he would have to buy her back again.

But while these and other peculiarities in their persons, dress, habitations, arrangements, and occupations, interested Mr. Williams, his attention was most powerfully arrested by the marked religious distinctions which separated the Samoans from all the other islanders with whom he had hitherto come into contact. Here he found none of the temples, idols, altars, priests and sacrifices, which abounded elsewhere; and, although prevalent superstitions were equally gross, they were less demoralizing and cruel. It was also obvious to his mind that idolatry had not so firm a hold upon their affections as it had upon many other sections of the same race; a circumstance which, with the absence of the more evident symbols of idolatry, had obtained for them from other islanders the epithet "godless." But this was most inapplicable; for if they did not worship idols of wood and of stone, they deified and reverenced many of the beasts, and birds, and

fish, and creeping things, by which they were surrounded. Prevalent, however, as this practice was, the absence of an interested, bloody and powerful priesthood was a feature of their condition which Mr. Williams deemed peculiarly favourable to his object.

Having quietly and happily settled the native teachers and their families, with every prospect of success in this most inviting field, the mission-company prepared to return. Such was the commencement of the Samoan mission. It could not have been more auspicious. "Of all the missions we have attempted," Mr. W. wrote to the Directors, "none were ever begun under such pleasing circumstances, or presented a prospect of such speedy and complete success." But great as this was, what had been accomplished scarcely exceeded his expectations. He went forth on this errand of mercy, confident that he should succeed. Few men ever reposed more simple or sincere reliance upon the presence and power of Him who said, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world;" and that Master whom he honoured by his confidence, and served with devotedness, said to him, "be it unto thee according to thy faith."

They now turned the prow of the "Messenger of Peace" toward their own loved Raiatea. Touching at Rarotonga they found that the wasting plague had been stayed just after their former visit, and that the lovely island was again smiling in peace and plenty under the labours of its happy inhabitants. The visit here, as at the other islands, was attended with interesting incidents, which it would be pleasant to relate, had we the room in this brief narrative. Mr. Williams says:

"In passing from one missionary station to another, our old friend Buteve, the cripple, seated himself on his stone chair by the way side, and on seeing us approach, he crawled upon his knees into the middle of the path, and talked in lively terms of the goodness of God in 'stilling the raging tempest.' He informed us, that on one occasion, when an armed party were passing by, he crawled out, and placing himself in their front, said to them, 'Friends, why do ye desire war, in the peaceful reign of Jesus, the Son of God? Had we not enough of that when we were Satanees? Return to your habitations, and cease, by your turbulent spirits, to disturb the peace and comfort which the gospel has introduced amongst us.' 'In-

stead of listening to me,' said Buteve, 'they called me names, and brandished their spears. I told them that they might spear me, but that they could not spear God, who could conquer them when he pleased; and this,' added the cripple, 'he has now most effectually done. Our own wickedness brought this terrible judgment upon us; but having repented of our folly, God has heard our prayers, rebuked the disease, and Rarotonga is again Rarotonga.'"

From Rarotonga they sailed to Mangaia and Rurutu, and thence to Tahiti. At this island they had a delightful interview with the brethren. At one of their meetings, a venerable chief, named Vara, made a speech, and expressed his joy in hearing what progress the gospel was making among the islands of the sea. This chief had once been a great man in the way of procuring human sacrifices, and on one occasion Pomare sent to him an order to obtain one immediately. Vara was rather at a loss to satisfy this imperious demand; and on going in search of a victim, his own little brother followed him at a distance, and cried after him. As soon as he saw him, he turned round, struck his head with a stone, killed him, and, having put him into a large basket made of

cocoa-nut leaves, sent him to Pomare. When his mother bewailed the death of her child, and charged him with cruelty for killing his brother, he abused her, and said, "Is not the favour of the gods, the pleasure of the king, and the security of our possessions, worth more than that little fool of a brother?—Better lose him than the government of our district!" How affectingly correct is the scriptural representation of man in a heathen state, "without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." Another office held by Vara was to rally dispirited warriors; and many a night has he walked from house to house, to rouse the savage spirit of the people by assuring them, on the authority of a pretended communication from some god, of their success in an approaching battle. But this "implacable and unmerciful" heathen became a humble and devoted Christian, and to the day of his death he adorned his profession. He rereived Christian baptism, and was for many years a member of the church under the care of Mr. Orsmond. Vara's eyes being bad, he could not learn to read; but having been in the habit of treasuring in his memory passages of Scripture, he had obtained a correct and extensive knowledge of the great and essential

doctrines of the Gospel. He was visited many times in his dying moments by Mr. Orsmond, whose account of his death I will here subjoin:—

"On seeing that his end was fast approaching, I said to him, 'Are you sorry that you cast away your lying gods, by which you used to gain so much property?' He was aroused from his lethargy, and with tears of pleasure sparkling in his eyes, he exclaimed, 'Oh, no, no, no. What! can I be sorry for casting away death for life? Jesus is my rock, the fortification in which my soul takes shelter.'

"I said, 'Tell me on what you found your hopes of future blessedness?' He replied, 'I have been very wicked, but a great king from the other side of the skies sent his ambassadors with terms of peace. We could not tell, for many years, what these ambassadors wanted. At length Pomare obtained a victory, and invited all his subjects to come and take refuge under the wing of Jesus, and I was one of the first to do so. *The blood of Jesus is my foundation.* I grieve that all my children do not love him. Had they known the misery we endured in the reign of the devil, they would gladly take the Gospel in exchange for their

follies. Jesus is the best king; he gives a pillow without thorns.'

"A little time after, I asked him if he was afraid to die, when, with almost youthful energy he replied, 'No, no. The canoe is in the sea, the sails are spread, she is ready for the gale. I have a good pilot to guide me, and a good haven to receive me. My outside man and my inside man differ. Let the one rot till the trump shall sound, but let my soul wing her way to the throne of Jesus.' Will he not through eternity sing hallelujahs to God and the Lamb, because of the South Sea Mission?"

After having remained here a Sabbath, Mr. W. continues, "we sailed for Huahine, where Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Platt were spending a few days with Mrs. Barff, anxiously waiting our arrival. It is superfluous to add that it was a happy meeting. Safe and happy ourselves, our joy was complete when we found our wives and families in health, and our stations in prosperity. Thus terminated this important voyage, the blessed results of which, will I believe, be as valuable as the soul and as enduring as eternity.

"On arriving at Raiatea, a scene not very dissimilar to that I have just related, came

under my immediate observation. In my own church was an old blind warrior, called *Me.* He had been the terror of all the inhabitants of Raiatea, and the neighbouring islands; but in the last battle which was fought before Christianity was embraced, he received a blow which destroyed his sight.

"A few years after my settlement at Raiatea, Me was brought under the influence of the Gospel, and when our church was formed, he was among the first members admitted. His diligence in attending the house of God was remarkable, whither he was guided by some kind friend, who would take one end of his stick while he held the other. The most respectable females in the settlement thought this no disgrace, and I have frequently seen principal chiefs, and the king himself, leading him in this way to chapel. Although blind, he attended our adult schools at six o'clock in the morning, and by repeating and carefully treasuring up what kind friends read to him, he obtained a great familiarity with the truths of the New Testament. And here I may observe that the natives generally are exceedingly kind to blind and aged people, in reading to them portions of Scripture which they are desirous

of retaining, and I do not know a more interesting scene than is presented at times in our adult schools. Here you will see a pious female, surrounded by three or four of her own sex, decrepid with age, to whom she is reading and explaining some important passage in the word of God ;—there you may observe a principal chief or his wife engaged in the same way. In one place you would find a little boy, in another an interesting little girl, seated among old warriors, and either teaching them the alphabet, instructing them in spelling, or reading over some portions of Scripture. On the first Sabbath after my return I missed old Me ; and not receiving the hearty grasp of congratulation from him to which I was accustomed, I inquired of some friends where he was, when they informed me that he was exceedingly ill, and not expected to survive. I determined, therefore, to visit him immediately. On reaching the place of his residence, I found him lying in a little hut, detached from the dwelling-house, and on entering it, I addressed him by saying, "Me, I am sorry to find you so ill." Recognizing my voice, he exclaimed, "Is it you? Do I really hear your voice again before I die? I shall die happy now. I was

afraid I should have died before your return." My first inquiry related to the manner in which he was supplied with food; for in their heathen state, as soon as old or infirm persons become a burden to their friends, they were put to death in a most barbarous manner. Under the pretence of carrying the victim of their cruelty to a stream of water to bathe, his relations would hurl him into a hole previously dug for the purpose, and then throw a heap of stones upon the body. Even for a considerable time after Christianity was embraced, we found it necessary, when visiting the sick and afflicted, to make strict inquiry as to the attention they received. In reply to my question, Me stated that at times he suffered much from hunger: I said, "How so? You have your own plantations;" for, although blind, he was diligent in the cultivation of sweet potatoes and bananas. "Yes," he said, "but as soon as I was taken ill, the people with whom I lived seized my ground, and I am at times exceedingly in want." I asked him why he had not complained to the chief, or to some of the Christian brethren who visited him, and his affecting reply was, "I feared lest the people should call me a tale-bearer, and speak evil of my re-

ligion, and I thought I would rather suffer hunger or death than give them occasion to do so." I then inquired what brethren visited him in his affliction to read and pray with him. Naming several, he added, "they do not come so often as I could wish, yet I am not lonely, for I have frequent visits from God;—God and I were talking together when you came in." "Well," I said, "and what were you talking about?" "I was praying to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," was his reply. Having intimated that I thought his sickness would terminate in death, I wished him to tell me what he thought of himself in the sight of God, and what was the foundation of his hope. "Oh," he replied, "I have been in great trouble this morning, but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain with precipitous sides, up which I endeavoured to climb, but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep, and while weeping, I saw a drop of blood fall upon that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved." Wishing to obtain his own ideas of what had been presented to his imagination, I said, "This was certainly a

strange sight, what construction do you put upon it?" After expressing his surprise that I should be at a loss for the interpretation, he exclaimed, "That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it, was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away." I expressed my satisfaction at finding he had such an idea of the magnitude of his guilt, and such exalted views of the efficacy of the Saviour's blood, and that though the eyes of his body were blind, he could, with the "*eye of his heart*," see such a glorious sight. He then went on to state, that the various sermons he had heard were now his companions in solitude, and the source of his comfort in affliction. On saying at the close of the interview, that I would go home and prepare some medicine for him, which might afford him ease, he replied, "I will drink it, because you say I must, but I shall not pray to be restored to health again, for my desire is to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to remain longer in this sinful world." In my subsequent visits, I always found him happy and cheerful, longing to depart and be with Christ. This was constantly the burden of his prayer. I was with

him when he breathed his last. During this interview, he quoted many precious passages of Scripture; and having exclaimed with energy, "Oh death, where is thy sting!" his voice faltered, his eyes became fixed, his hands dropped, and his spirit departed to be with that Saviour, one drop of whose blood had melted away the mountain of his guilt. Thus died poor old Me, the blind warrior of Raiatea. I retired from the overwhelming and interesting scene, praying as I went that my end might be like his."

This was the close of the account which Mr. Williams gives of his first voyage to the Samoa islands, and his biographer remarks:

"Few voyages were ever less noticed, or more important, than that which they had now completed. Many gallant ships, and richly laden fleets, were traversing the ocean, while the Messenger of Peace pursued her way to Samoa; but how few were laden with a freight so precious, or bound upon an embassy so momentous. The memorials of her voyage had no place amongst the maritime transactions of the day; and, by many, would have been deemed unworthy of a page, even in the most ephemeral productions of the press; but their

record was on high, enrolled amidst the brightest events of the age, and destined to endure, when the mere voyages of discovery, the schemes of commerce, the triumphs of conquest, and the annals of nations, will all be "forgotten as a dream." Had the career of John Williams terminated at this single enterprise, his honoured name would have long been venerated on earth, and 'great would have been his reward in heaven.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

War at Raiatea—Mr. Williams sails again—Terrible hurricane at Rarotonga—Returns to Raiatea—Ardent spirits at Raiatea—Sails for Samoa—Wonderful progress of the gospel there—Visits the other islands—Incidents by the way—Returns to England.

War, savage war, now raged on the peaceful shores of Raiatea. Before the gospel was introduced, this island had been conquered by a warlike chief of Tahaa, named Tapoa. He was a cruel idolater, and was preparing to make war upon Tahiti, when he was cut off by death. The government of Tahaa then passed into the hands of Fennapeho, and when he heard that the Raiateans had renounced their idols, and had destroyed the great Oro, he determined to avenge the god. The people of Raiatea were inferior in numbers to their savage enemies, but they committed themselves to God in prayer, and resolved to trust in Him.

While the foe was landing, the Raiateans broke from ambush, and rushed so boldly and suddenly upon them that they fled in the utmost confusion. The chief and many of his followers were taken prisoners, and expected to be put to death, according to the custom of savage warfare. But they had fallen into the hands of *a Christian people*, and when the chief Fennapeho was brought into the presence of the good old king, instead of being knocked down by a club and murdered, he was received with kindness by Tamatoa, who frankly forgave him and restored him to liberty. The influence of this treatment was happy on the minds of the invaders. They saw that the new religion made the Raiateans a superior people, and at a public festival on the following day the chief and the people renounced their idol-gods forever. From this time, Fennapeho became a steadfast professor of the gospel, and until his death laboured faithfully, with the missionaries, in their efforts to do good to his people.

In the year 1831 he was lost at sea, and was succeeded by Tapoa, who renewed the war upon the Raiateans, who, though they had not "beaten their spears into pruning hooks,"

had used them in building the pulpit stairs and for similar purposes. Mr. Williams went to Tahiti and prevailed upon some of the chiefs to come to the aid of the Raiateans, and they arrived in time to save the island from being overrun by their savage enemies.

Affairs being now quietly settled, Mr. Williams set out on another voyage, taking with him his wife, whose health was feeble. He went to Rarotonga, the island he loved most after his own Raiatea; and how his heart rejoiced within him, when he beheld the glorious triumphs of the gospel in this favoured isle. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad," was the first text from which he preached during this visit; a text which fitly expressed the emotions awakened by the scenes around him.

The "Messenger of Peace" was again on its errand of mercy and love, and touching at Mangaia, Mauke, Mitiaro and Aitutaki, the noble hearted missionary cheered his brethren in their self-denying work, counselled them in difficulties, and working with his own hands when necessary, gave them aid in every department of labour. At all these islands he had now become a well known and welcome visiter.

An angel from heaven might have awakened more wonder, but he would not have been received with more joy. Wherever he travelled, he went preaching Christ and his cross, and the natives flocked around him and listened with delight to the burning words of his lips.

Returning to Rarotonga, he devoted himself to the work of translating the Scriptures, in which he laboured with the same zeal and pleasure as if he were building a ship, or sailing in it from shore to shore.

A terrible hurricane now swept over the island, and laid in ruins its fairest portions. The "Messenger of Peace" was driven several hundred yards upon the beach, and was near being destroyed. The storehouse and all its contents were swept away; the chapel and the school house were laid in ruins; dwelling houses were prostrated; the missionaries, with their wives and little children, were driven by the rising sea from their homes, and obliged to seek refuge in the mountains, and many of them were almost miraculously preserved from death. Every particle of food in the island was destroyed.

To prevent a famine, Mr. Williams, as soon as the "Messenger of Peace" could be repaired,

went to Tahiti to obtain provisions. Here he learned, to his unspeakable distress, that war had again broken out in Raiatea since his departure, and without delay he hastened thither. It was indeed a dreadful scene. The Raiateans had just been victorious in a bloody battle, and had treated their enemies with Christian kindness; but the vices of war had swept over the island. The people had begun to make and drink ardent spirits; the laws were suspended; the worship of God was neglected, and disorder almost universal. Mr. Williams remained just long enough to exert his great influence to correct these desolating evils, and having obtained a supply of provisions, he hastened back to the sufferers at Rarotonga.

Seeing the terrible effects of ardent spirits among the natives, Mr. Williams became a warm friend of "total abstinence." Ever afterwards, in public and private, in England and at the islands, he denounced their use. He formed Temperance Societies among the natives, which were exceedingly happy in their influence among them, as they have been among us. All the "stills" which had been set up to manufacture rum were destroyed, and a great reformation was introduced.

Once more upon the deep, a herald of salvation to the islands of the sea, the "Messenger of Peace" unfurls her sails to the breeze, bearing Mr. Williams, Makea, and a native teacher, Teava, to the Samoan group. They set sail amid the shouts and the supplications of a swarthy multitude that thronged the shores, and under a cloudless sky and with prosperous gales they bore away on their mission of love. The voyage was throughout as pleasant as its beginning. After sailing 800 miles, without shifting rope or sail, they reached Manua, the most easterly of the Samoan isles. As he had not visited this island before, and it was 250 miles from the residence of the teachers, Mr. W. did not expect to find the power of the gospel here. But the first exclamation of the natives, as they crowded around him, was, "We are sons of the word," and as he pursued his course from island to island, he heard of the triumphs of the truth every where. At length they reached Savaii. The teachers, whom he had left here on his first visit, welcomed him with shouts and tears of joy. The natives assembled in crowds, and, without any delay, Mr. Williams, like an apostle of the seas, stood up and preached to them from his favourite text,

"It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

"And though accustomed," he writes, "to grotesque exhibitions, the congregation this morning presented a ruder appearance than any I had seen before. Some of the chiefs had beautiful fine mats suspended from their shoulders, or girt around their waist. Others had thrown around their person a piece of native cloth; but in such a way as to make it rather an encumbrance than a covering. But the head-dress was the most amusing part of their adornment. The hair of some, which was very long, and stiffened with grease and powder, stood erect like the bristles of a hedgehog; that of others, which was equally long, was bushy and frizzled, and made their heads appear of an enormous size; others again had twisted it into a towering top-knot upon the crown of their heads; and a few allowed it to flow loosely over their shoulders. The ladies were equally fanciful in their decorations; but they added another to the various devices of the men, some of them having shorn their heads bare, excepting one spot on the left temple, from which a tuft of hair was allowed to

grow to a great length ; and, this being twisted into a queue, dangled, as they imagined, gracefully down the cheek. Their tawny skin shone with a profusion of scented oil, and a preparation of tumeric, which was laid on so thickly upon their faces and breasts, as to give them an orange tinge, which, in their view, constituted the very perfection of beauty. Although it was difficult to repress a smile, it was impossible to view them without deep interest, as a people just emerging from the darkness of ages into 'the light of life.' In the afternoon I preached again, and felt much. Here was a congregation of nearly one thousand persons anxious to know the 'joyful sound.'"

Afterwards he listened with deep emotion and unbounded joy to the narrative which the teachers gave him of the great things which the Lord had done for them and these poor pagans, since the "Messenger of Peace" had first come to Samoa. The fierce spirits of the savage warrior had been subdued, and the degraded pagan had been raised to the rank of a civilized and Christian man. A great variety of most interesting stories might here be told to show the change which had been made, but we must pass to further victories.

Leaving Savaii, the "Messenger of Peace" sailed to Manono, where the native teacher, Teava, was left, and thence they went on to Nina, and afterwards to Upolu, where the natives assembled, and the chiefs and people publicly renounced idolatry, and agreed to embrace the religion of Christ.

Landing at Keppel's Island, Mr. W. learned that about half of the inhabitants had professed to believe the gospel, and that their house of worship was a large building in which they had formerly held their games and dances. One of these dances Mr. Williams saw as he was going to the chapel, and thus describes it.

"As we were proceeding," he writes, "our attention was attracted by a singularly hollow roaring, which was blended with clattering of sticks. This I found on inquiry to proceed from a party of *faka devolo*, or devil's people, who were dancing. On reaching the place of their wild performance, we saw about forty men, ranged in two lines, and facing each other as in a country dance. Most of them had a stick between two and three feet long in each hand; but a few, at regular intervals, held, instead, a long switch. Their appearance was most singular and savage. Some were

completely besmeared with charcoal and oil, which rendered them not only black, but *shining* characters in the exhibition. Others were fantastically touched off with the same pigment, having a broad ring round each eye, a large circular patch on each cheek, and another on the forehead, whilst the other parts of the body were adorned with rings, stripes, and daubs of various size and device. A few, to give greater variety to these embellishments, had interspersed them with streaks of lime, which gave their skin some resemblance to the coat of the zebra. Thus equipped in their ball-dress, they commenced their capers, which consisted of a wonderful variety of evolutions; and, at the same time, striking each others' sticks in numerous attitudes, over their heads, under their thighs, now leaping high in the air, then squatting on the ground. At one time, they would simultaneously spring a surprising height, and bring their sticks in contact; anon they would face each other, and, then, in the twinkling of an eye, they would be back to back, or side by side. During all these prodigious feats of agility, their sticks beat time most admirably to their hoarse, gruff, hollow voices. I could not obtain the song they sang

on this occasion; but was informed that it consisted of a call upon the gods to bring back their chief Maatu, who had gone to sea about three months ago, and had not been heard of since. The performance lasted about a quarter of an hour, when, with the perspiration streaming off their bodies, they were compelled to desist for want of breath."

Proceeding in his plan of visiting all these Samoan islands, he touched at Vavan, and landed, November 22, at Tongatabu. Here Mr. W. was received with ceremonies peculiar to the South Seas! and as we have introduced but few of them into our narration, we will give Mr. Williams' own account of his reception in this place.

"As soon as we landed, the king, Tupou, sent a messenger to invite Makea to his house. There he was received in true Tonga style, and in a manner befitting his rank. Having reached Tupou's residence, he was requested to seat himself by the king's side, who was attended by two *matabooles*, or orators. We sat with our faces towards the under chiefs, who formed a semicircle outside. A baked pig, some kava root, and a basket of yams, were then placed before the king. This done, one

of the orators said in a loud voice, 'Thanks for the kava,' 'Thanks for the large pig,' 'Thanks for the oven of yams,' 'Thanks for the labour.' These 'thanks' were repeated several times; but, whether they were intended to be expressed for Makea, or as a hint to him on the duty of gratitude, did not appear; but, as soon as this ceremony was ended, the pig and yams, with a warm welcome to Tonga, were presented to the king. One of the orators then requested the people to prepare the kava, which they did in the usual most disgusting way, by chewing it, and spitting out the juice, filling a wooden bowl with the expressed liquor. This being done, the orator first took care of himself, and with a loud voice proclaimed his own great name, and invited himself to partake of the delicious beverage. He then shouted the name of his royal master, who immediately clapped his hands, as a sign of assent and approbation, and, after this, did the honours of the bowl. A bumper was next prepared for Makea; and this 'dainty dish' was then 'set before the king.' Mr. Williams stood forth in dignity on this occasion: but, not being particularly partial to the nauseous draught, he passed it back to the mataboole,

who, like other tipplers, had no objection to a second potation."

They also attended a marriage ceremony while at this island. The young couple were dressed in the highest style of Tonga fashion. The lady's adornment, however, was peculiarly awkward and inconvenient. It consisted of a vast quantity of native cloth, rolled many times round her body, and making her so unwieldy, that when she sat down, she was obliged to lean back and have a person behind to support her.

Mr. Williams went to see a noted man, called Fakafenna, the chief of the district, and the high priest of the island. When urged to forsake his idols and receive the Saviour, the old man answered, as many sinners do in our own land, that "the new religion was very good, and perhaps after a little time he would become a Christian. But he did not approve of being forced. When the desire grew in his heart," he said, "he would of his own accord renounce the gods of Tonga."

Having spent a few weeks in important labours among these people, and having completed his tour around the islands, Mr. Williams returned to Rarotonga, which he reached

in safety, after an absence of fifteen weeks. No reader of these pages, nor any individual acquainted with the present spiritual condition of the Samoans, will require further evidence of the incalculable importance of the two voyages thus terminated. Mr. Williams's own estimate is as low as truth would permit, when he wrote to his friend Mr. Ellis, "Though great and extensive success has attended our labours, it should be clearly understood that this is little more than securing a renunciation of heathenism, and a strong desire to be taught the Christian religion. But thus a great and effectual door has been opened; the fallow ground has been broken up, and a people prepared of the Lord."

After having completed this important tour, Mr. Williams determined to make a voyage to England; which resolution, in view of his own health and that of Mrs. Williams, was sustained by the advice of all his missionary friends. But what a trial to his own feelings, and what a trial to the Raiateans was this decision! The natives who had been converted under his ministry, and who loved him as their own souls, gathered around their former teacher, and implored him to dwell once more among them.

They could not bear to give him up. It seemed as if they must go with him, if he would not stay with them.

The following incident, extracted from Mr. Williams's own narrative, will sufficiently illustrate the preceding remarks, and serve to account for the struggle through which he was called to pass, ere he could finally sever himself from Raiatea. It occurred a few weeks before his embarkation for England :—

"A short time subsequent to my arrival, I found that a meeting had been convened which I was requested to attend. I knew not its object until the king's speaker arose, and told me that they had met to request me to abandon my intention of visiting England. After many interesting addresses, a chief stood up, and with great gravity said, 'Mr. Williams, I have been reading to day what Paul wrote to the Philippians, 'I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you.' Now we all know that you must wish to see your friends, and visit your native country, after so long an absence. This is very reasonable. But don't you think, if

Paul was willing to stay *even out of heaven* to do good to Christians on earth, that you ought to forego the pleasure of visiting England to do good to us?' This was a touching appeal; and feeling it deeply, I replied by expressing my pleasure at receiving this proof of their affection; and promised, on revisiting Tahiti, to consult Mrs. W.; and, if we could not remain ourselves, to persuade one of our brother missionaries to reside with them until our return. I had no sooner made this declaration, than another arose, and, after thanking me for promising to endeavour to find a substitute, exclaimed, 'But although we have ten thousand instructors in Christ, we have not many fathers; for, in Christ Jesus, *you* have begotten us through the Gospel.' "

Mr. Williams was so much affected by these and other tokens of their strong attachment, that he was almost ready to abandon the thought of leaving them. But the path of duty was made plain, and a favourable opportunity presenting itself, he took passage with his family, and after a prosperous voyage, reached his native shores June 12, 1834, having been absent seventeen years.

We have now followed this remarkable man from the time he was an apprentice boy in a blacksmith's shop, through his wanderings among the islands of the sea, to his return to his father-land. It does not fall in with the design of this volume to dwell with any great particularity upon the incidents of his life except as they have an immediate bearing upon the spread of the gospel among the heathen, and we shall therefore not detain the reader long with the account of his visit to England.

He had spent but a short time in delightful intercourse with his beloved relatives and friends, when he was called upon by the Society under whose patronage he had been labouring, to tell the Christian public the story of his toils and triumphs in the distant islands. He was modest, and distrustful of his ability to address a refined assembly so as to please those who had been accustomed to listen to the most eloquent speakers, but he knew that he had FACTS to relate which would reach and move every feeling heart, and he entered as zealously upon the work to which he was now called, as if he were at home again among the heathen!

Now we have the "blacksmith's boy" stand-

ing up in the midst of large and enlightened assemblies of British Christians, declaring what wonderful things the Lord had done by him in the ends of the world, and the interest with which his statements were received has seldom been equalled. Often was he called upon to give an account of the building of the "Messenger of Peace," and to those who knew well the difficulties of completing such a piece of work without the usual materials and tools it indeed appeared almost incredible. He would usually describe the condition in which the natives were found when the missionaries first visited them; their ignorance, degradation, misery and cruelty, and then portray the wonderful success which had followed the preaching of the gospel among these wretched people. An extract from notes made upon one of his sermons will be read with interest, not as an illustration of his manner, but for the exciting facts it contains.

"To show *the cruelties which are perpetrated where this darkness prevails*, the preacher commenced by the observation, that cruelty appears in the text—full of the habitations of cruelty, Ps. lxxiv. 20—to have been personified, and presented as a mighty monster, reigning

triumphant, and possessing habitations throughout the earth, and excluding mercy from the homes and bosoms of men. Having assured his audience that the illustrations he was about to present of this fearful fact were not adduced to harrow up their feelings, but to increase their gratitude, call forth their compassion, and 'constrain every individual to exert himself to the utmost in forwarding so good, so holy, and so benevolent an object as the propagation of the Gospel,' he first refers to the prevalence of *infanticide*. '*Can a woman*,' he asks, '*forget her sucking child?*' This question he answers by many harrowing details, and concludes with the following dreadful illustration. 'We had a servant living with us for fifteen years, whose business it was formerly to destroy infants. She informed me that her general method of accomplishing her object, was to break their little fingers and toes; and, if that did not kill them, to seize them by the throat. The last instance in which she exercised her cruel calling was after many persons in the island had embraced Christianity; but she told me that it was with the utmost difficulty she could destroy the little innocent. For a considerable time the dear babe struggled in her

arms in agony, and appeared as if determined, against all her efforts, not to die. It was a fine, beautiful girl; and the unhappy instrument of its death said to me that, though a long period had passed since she perpetrated the crime, the image of the dying babe, as it then writhed in her arms, continued to haunt her both awake and asleep.'

"*Human sacrifice* was the next topic adduced in illustration of heathen cruelty; and having presented evidence of the prevalence of this custom, the preacher presses home his subject by the following appeal. 'Thus in a moment was the wife and the family thrown into consternation, and agonizing grief. You who are wives, and tenderly attached to your husbands, would you not suffer the greatest anguish and horror were the dear partners of your joys thus torn from your embraces, and slain by cruel assassins before your eyes? You that are children, and are blessed with fathers in whom you delight, and to whom you look up with all the ardor of youthful affection, how would you feel were that dear friend suddenly seized in your midst, dragged from his home, or speared before your eyes? And do not for a moment imagine, my dear hearers, that be-

cause these wives and sons and daughters, are of a different colour from yourselves, that they are without natural affection. *God hath made of one blood all nations upon the earth.* Sometimes, whole districts were devoted to sacrifice. But the Gospel has delivered them. About a thousand Rarotongans lived in the mountains to avoid destruction, until I had the unspeakable happiness of introducing Christianity into their island. But now they and their pious chief are dwelling in a most beautiful plain at a little distance from the sea-shore, in a settlement almost a mile in extent, consisting of white cottages on either side of a noble chapel, which I assisted in opening the day before I left.'

"*War* was the last topic, from which illustrations were drawn to sustain his position; and, after other facts, known to the readers of missionary papers and journals, had been adduced, Mr. Williams closed this part of the discourse by the following statement:—'I was, on one occasion, at an island when a number of canoes were returning from a sanguinary battle. The body of each canoe was filled with captives destined to be slaughtered and eaten, while around the fore and aft parts, which were raised

several feet above the centre, there were strung by the hair the heads of the slain. On landing, a chief first took one of these heads by the hair; and holding it up to the spectators, he stated whose it was, and then expatiated upon the valor with which he had been encountered and overcome. Then he took a second, and a third; but as soon as he held up the fourth, and said—'This is the head of the great chief,' mentioning the name, the daughter, who was present as a captive, no sooner beheld the bloody features, and heard the familiar name of her murdered father, than she gave a dreadful shriek, and fell senseless to the ground. But I forbear; enough surely has been said to show that 'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.'"

He visited a large number of the chief cities and towns of England, and several in Scotland, and was every where received with the most marked respect, and his statements were listened to with such attention as such statements cannot fail to command. At the London Anniversaries in May, after his arrival, he was on the platform often, and it will be readily believed that his presence and his speeches imparted unusual interest to those religious fes-

tivals. In his very first speech he called upon Christians of all denominations to unite in a plan to bring under the gospel every group and every island of importance in the South Pacific Ocean.

Urged by many of his friends he seized a few fragments of time in the midst of his journies and abundant labours to prepare a narrative of his experience in the islands, which was published while he was still in England.

Copies of this book were presented by Mr. Williams to the king of Great Britain, and to many noblemen and other distinguished persons in the land. It was accompanied with a letter from himself, in which he called their attention to the greatness of the subject, and the importance of securing the countenance of the great and good in the advancement of the missionary cause. This effort was followed by happy results. He received from many of the most illustrious individuals replies to his letters, thanking him for his interesting book, and declaring that they had read it with admiration. Thus the cause of Christian missions was brought to the favourable notice of many persons of influence, who perhaps would have given it little or no attention, had it not been

for "the blacksmith's boy." He was a guest in the mansions of the rich, and learned, and titled of the land; and in large circles into which he was introduced, he would often find that all conversation was suspended while the whole company were listening with delight to his narration of the wonderful things which he had seen and heard while a missionary traveller among the islands of the Pacific. And we may here speak of Mr. Williams in the bosom of his own family and among his intimate friends. That he was a "devout man" need not be stated. His character and conduct prove this. All who are accustomed to trace effects to their causes, will be satisfied that, had he not enjoyed frequent and familiar intercourse with God, his spirit would have lost its strength and spring, and the source which fed his devotedness, and refreshed his heart amidst his manifold labours, would have been dried up. But this is a part of his proceedings known from evidence more certain than inference. Mr. Williams was a man of prayer. He knew the privilege of drawing nigh unto God, and he relied upon the power thus given to him. Habitually an early riser, even when most pressed by exhausting engagements, he

was enabled to give hours to devotion, which are too frequently spent in useless slumber; and it is needless to say of such a man, that no day was commenced for whose duties he did not thus prepare. Neither his principles nor his preference, permitted him to curtail the hour of prayer, that he might give more time to public engagements. In the family, his devotions were marked by their extreme simplicity and unaffected seriousness. They were remarkably comprehensive; but as direct and concise; full of grateful review, and fervent petition, but free from all vain repetitions, and apparently uttered, as if the injunction was ever before his eyes, "God is in heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few."

When at home, Mr. Williams *was* at home. Devotedly attached to his most estimable partner and their amiable family, nothing would have drawn him from them, but the claims of public duty; and whenever he could consistently release himself from these claims, he hastened to enjoy the luxury, to him as great as it was rare, of spending some hours with them. Nor was he insensible to the ties and obligations of private friendship. Rarely,

when he could command an unbroken evening, did he omit to invite a few of those with whom he was most intimate, to join their family circle. These, however were not set parties, but social meetings, and in few situations was his courteous and amiable disposition more apparent. His obvious aim was to make intercourse both instructive and pleasurable; and in this he never failed. Usually, missionary scenes and occupations became the leading topics of conversation; and it was delightful to trace upon his bright and benevolent countenance the satisfaction which he enjoyed, when he had been successful in gratifying his friends. Very frequently on these occasions, the curiosities which he had brought from the islands were drawn from their hiding places, and the various contents of several cases covered the table or the floor. A singular medley of idols, dresses, ornaments, domestic utensils, implements of industry, and weapons of war, formed so many subjects of remark; and not unfrequently Mr. Williams arrayed his own portly person in the native tiputa and mat, fixed a spear by his side, and adorned his head with the towering cap of many colours, worn on high days by the chiefs; and, as he marched

up and down his parlour, he was as happy as any one of the guests whose cheerful mirth he had thus excited. To this exhibition, he would add explanations of each relic; naming and sometimes describing the island from which he obtained it; the past history and present state of its inhabitants; the use of the object, or the customs connected with it; and various other entertaining particulars. In general, these interesting statements were crowned by a donation of some curiosity which had awakened special interest; and that his visitors might taste, as well as see the good things of Polynesia, jars of native preserves, either of the banana or some other Polynesian fruit, were opened for their gratification.

One little incident we must mention here, to show how he succeeded in securing the affections of those who heard him. One evening he had been attending a public meeting a few miles from town; and being obliged to return that night, a cab had been ordered to take him home. As the journey was rather long for so late an hour, he intended to have given the owner of the vehicle some extra remuneration. But to his great surprise, when he alighted at his door and inquired the fare, the poor man

replied,—"O, sir, I shall take nothing from *you*. I have been to the meeting to-night and heard you speak, and I think it an honour to have had you in my cab." Most gratifying, however, as this was, Mr. Williams would by no means consent to deprive the driver of his well-earned reward; and he, therefore, pressed him to receive payment. But it was in vain. When the money was held out, he fell back; and, as Mr. Williams followed him, still holding his purse, to escape any further importunity, he sprung upon his box, and, again saying that he had been well paid by what he heard, he smacked his whip, and drove off, leaving Mr. Williams standing near his house, smiling but almost disposed to weep, at this delightful evidence that the common people heard him with so much interest.

But he longed to go back to his work in the islands. It was pleasant to be listened to by thousands in happy England, invited here and there, and surrounded by hosts of devoted friends. But he loved the heathen, and he must go and labour and die among them. With the consent of the Directors of the Society, he made an appeal to the public for the means to purchase "a Missionary Ship" in which to

prosecute his glorious designs of visiting the various islands with the everlasting gospel. The appeal was promptly answered, and "the Camden" was purchased. At the same time he providentially met with Capt. Morgan, a pious commander, whom he had known and loved in the South Seas. He consented to take the command of the missionary ship, and arrangements were speedily made for the voyage. His eldest son, now grown to be a young man, was married, and, with his bride, embarked with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and a large party of fellow-labourers, April 9, 1838, and in the midst of multitudes of friends, who gathered to behold them for the last time, once more they bade farewell to England.

CHAPTER IX.

Returns to the South Seas—Voyage to the Pagan islands—His horrible Massacre.

Once more the warm-hearted Williams is on his way to the heathen, sorrowing at the separation from so many that were very dear, but rejoicing that he was again to bear the message of salvation to the islands of the sea. On the voyage, he touched at Cape Town, and becoming deeply interested in the system of infant-school instruction there practised, he engaged a teacher to go with him and introduce the plan among the missions. The British residents here were so much pleased with Mr. Williams and the work to which he was devoted, that they made generous contributions to aid him in his labours.

September 10, 1838, they entered the harbour at Sydney, and met with a hearty welcome from their old friends, Messrs. Bourne and Cook. No time was lost, and while detained at this port, he was always at work.

Here too he had the happiness of receiving intelligence from Rarotonga and the Navigators' islands. The captain of a vessel, who had just come from there, told him that the good work was going on with great success, that it was of no use to take muskets and powder there, for the natives ask for nothing but books, missionaries, pens, ink, slates and paper, and the missionaries are beloved by the people. This was glad news to Mr. Williams after so long a separation from these islands for which he had laboured so much.

Another captain informed him of an island in the Arafura Sea, which is just through Torres' Straits, called Kissa, where the inhabitants are all Christians, and have a large place of worship, with native schoolmasters and ministers, and that they have had no intercourse with Europeans for fifty years. It appears that about seventy years ago a Dutch missionary laboured among this people with great diligence, and the people still enjoyed the fruit of his labours!

Here too he learned that the Papists were introducing their priests into the islands, and making desperate efforts to establish popery there.

On the 25th of October the Camden sailed from Sydney, and on the 23d of the next month came in sight of Tutuila, one of the Samoa islands, and the next day cast anchor in the harbour of Pangopango. The natives were taken by surprise when told that the missionary ship had come, and that Mr. Williams was on board. The very first man who stepped on board was the powerful chief who had killed Tamafaigna, and he was still a wicked heathen. Soon afterwards four or five young men came up, and lifting their hats, saluted Mr. Williams in their native language, saying, "Good indeed are God's ways: He has heard our prayers and brought you back at last." These were members of the church that had recently been formed there, and soon the resident missionary, Mr. Murray, came, and all hands were assembled that they might together give thanks to God for his goodness in preserving them through the dangers of the sea.

On shore they had a meeting, when the natives made little speeches, and gave presents to their new friends. One very old chief arose, and said that many years ago a chief in a neighbouring village delivered this prophecy—"That the worship of the spirits would cease

throughout Samoa,—that a great white chief would come from beyond the distant horizon, who would overthrow their religion, and that all this would happen very shortly after his death." "That old man," he added, "died just before the lotu was brought to our land," and then turning from the assembly, fixing his eyes intently upon Mr. Williams, and pointing to him as he sat in their midst, he said, in a most expressive tone,—"See! the prophecy is fulfilled. *This* is the great white chief who was to come from beyond the distant horizon; *this* is he who has overturned the worship of the spirits!" He then proceeded to show how completely the prediction had been verified, and concluded with an earnest exhortation to all to embrace the word of God.

"On Monday morning," Mr. Williams proceeds, "we sailed for Leone, which is about sixteen miles from Pangopango. Here I recognized, and pointed out to my brethren, the place where our boat lay to on her oars at our former visit; the trees under which the Christians sat, and Amoamo, the chief who waded into the water, and who, I am truly happy to say, is, I believe, a decided Christian."

Shortly after their arrival, Amoamo came

on board the Camden, and during his short stay, Mr. Williams showed to him the engraving which represented the scene at his first visit. On seeing it, his astonishment was excessive. For some time, he stood motionless as a statue gazing upon the picture with a look of incredulity, and then lifting up his hands, he broke forth into the exclamation, "Yes! it is so truly. That is I myself; there are my people," and for a considerable time, did nothing but express his admiration of the picture, and of those wonderful people who could represent on paper things which their eyes had never beheld.

"Poor Barnden," writes Mr. W., "was much attached to him, and his kindness to the missionary was great and unvarying. When it was determined that Mr. B. should remove for a season to assist in putting up the press, &c., the poor chief's heart seemed ready to burst; he cried for days like a child." "Poor fellow," writes Mr. Gill, "I shall never forget him. Mr. W. endeavoured to comfort him by the assurance that he should have another missionary in a few months, but he refused to be comforted, saying,—'You promised me a missionary when we were heathens, and now we have

had him a little while, and have cast off heathenism, what *can* we do without him? Shall we go back again to darkness?" "

At a short distance from the landing-place, and on the site of the little original chapel, there stood a half-finished house of prayer, one hundred feet long. "A class of feelings scarcely describable," writes Mr. Williams, "rushed into my mind at the sight of this large chapel, capable of containing fifteen hundred people, and finding the entire population under instruction." As soon as the missionary party landed, they were unexpectedly invited to a dinner in native style, consisting of a pig baked whole. "We sat down on the stones," writes Mr. Gill, "and each took a leaf as a substitute for a plate, and ate as much as we pleased, but none seemed to relish it so much as Mr. Williams."

"Having taken Mr. Barnden on board," Mr. W. proceeds, "we steered for Apia, the harbour in Upolu, where Mr. Mills is stationed; and as we sailed along the coast of that noble island, at a distance of every few miles we recognized large places of worship, white as snow, smiling a welcome to us through the dark rich foliage in which they were embowered. We entered the harbour at eight o'clock, and soon

received a hearty welcome from Mr. Mills." "We were soon surrounded by natives," adds Mr. Gill, "who were rejoiced at being told that ours was a *lotu pae*, a religious ship, and had brought Mr. Williams."

"Messengers," Mr. Williams proceeds, "were immediately sent to convene missionaries, chiefs and native teachers, and in the meantime I obtained the use of a large house, and with the assistance of some of my brethren, set to work and divided it into compartments to accommodate the missionaries on shore, while the vessel was unloading." In about a week those who were summoned, assembled, and a great meeting was held, at which the stations of the several missionaries, who had come out with Mr. Williams, were fixed upon, and their work laid out.

Mr. Williams now began to see how much had been done while he had been absent. The whole group of islands was supposed to contain sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants, and of these fifty thousand had been brought under instruction. Chiefs from all quarters now came to Mr. Williams and begged for missionaries, and the good man's heart ached, and the chiefs went away with downcast looks, when

they were denied. In Upolu alone there were eight or ten large houses of worship, and they were filled with worshippers. The bloody wars that once laid waste these beautiful islands had ceased, and sweet peace smiled upon them. When Matetan, a noted chief, and a great warrior, was converted, he called together his friends and relations, and having a large stock of muskets, clubs, &c., he gave them all away, and holding up the Gospel of Matthew, he said, "This is the only weapon with which I will ever fight again." In most of the houses in the island family prayer was observed, and at the dawn of day the missionaries were often awakened by the voice of prayer and praise. One of the missionary ladies went into the house of her servants one evening, and found them sitting in the dark. Inquiring why they did so, they replied that they had but a small portion of oil, and as they did not know when they should get any more, they sat in the dark that they might use their oil at family prayer, and be able to read the Scriptures.

Mr. Williams fixed upon Upolu as the residence of his family, and prepared to extend his labours to distant and destitute islands. The

name of the settlement in the island of Upolu was *Apia*, where Mr. W. had hitherto been residing, but the people of another settlement, *Fosetootai*, begged so hard, that he was constrained to go and place his family among them. They hardly waited for him to give his consent, but at the first intimation of his willingness, about five hundred natives started for Apia, twenty miles off, and seizing every package which was marked with the letter "W," they began their march in single file, shouting and laughing, and jumping and dancing with delight. Songs were also sung, with the chorus,

> "Williamu is coming, is coming, is coming,
> He is bringing the gospel to Fasetootai."

In one day they cut down the timber in the woods, brought it on their shoulders and put up the frame of a house sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, for Mr. W's. residence. This was a day of great rejoicing. About two hundred natives would take hold of one stick of timber, and while these were staggering under their burden, another native, selected on account of his agility, and the readiness with which he composed songs and music suitable to the occasion, acted as master of the cere-

monies, and did his utmost to strengthen and stimulate his brethren. At one time he would dart before them, or wheel round the log, shouting as he ran; and at another he would leap upon it, and dance along between the heads and shoulders of the bearers; and, while in this elevated position, commence a solo, of which the following is a sample :—

"This log is for the house of our teacher—Williamu.
He the good word has brought to our land.
He is coming to live at Fasetootai."

And instantly as the last line was uttered, it was caught up and repeated in chorus several times by the whole band at the highest pitch of their voices. Nor was the singing confined to a single company. All the different parties had their fugleman, and at every stage of their work, some new stanza would be composed and sung in celebration of their own achievements, or of their missionary's arrival.

The people in the district where Mr. W. had now settled were hated very much by some of the heathen around them, and these wicked people determined to destroy the settlement. They came with all their weapons of war, and just as they were landing, Mr. Williams' son

hastened to the beach and entreated them to stop. For some time they refused, and the enraged chieftain said, "Young man, son of Williamu, if it was not you, you would be dead in a moment." But after much persuasion, the old warrior said "he would abandon his design, because the son of Williamu had interceded for the people." At another time a party of savages came with the same terrible purpose, and again young Williams prevailed with them to go with him through the settlement, and then return to their canoes in peace.

While here Mr. Williams exhibited a magic lantern which he had brought with him from England; and the wonder of the natives was great when they saw the pictures cast upon the wall. He had brought out slides that showed objects in Natural History, and many scenes from Fox's book of Martyrs, but there were none that affected them so much as *Scripture* scenes. When they saw the picture of Simeon taking the infant Saviour in his arms, the Flight into Egypt, &c., they were greatly pleased, but when the picture of the Crucifixion was exhibited, there was a general sobbing, and they gave vent to their feelings in tears.

It was now time for Mr. Williams to be again on the deep. The Camden was got ready for sea, and on the 4th of February, 1839, dropped her anchor off Avama, in the favoured Rarotonga. The news of the arrival spread like wildfire, and the meeting with the missionaries and the natives was tender and joyful beyond description. The beach was completely lined with the people, and it was a long time before Mr. Williams could press his way through the delighted crowd. When he came to Makea, the old chief, Mr. W. exclaimed, "O Makea, how kind are God's dealings to us in sparing us thus far, and permitting us to meet again." But they both died that same year. In a letter to a friend, written just before his own death, Mr. Williams thus refers to this excellent man. "The good chief, Makea, is gone. He was invaluable while he lived. His influence and power, great as it was, was given to God. He died most happy. I never knew a chief I loved so much, or thought so highly of. He will be a great loss to the mission; but I am happy to inform you that his son David is treading in his steps."

Mr. Williams's first effort after landing was to get on shore the five thousand Rarotongan

New Testaments which he had brought with him, and to obtain which the natives were manifesting their anxious desire. The manner in which they were received will be best described in his own words.

"I could fill my sheet with relating many delightful circumstances about dear Rarotonga, the truly affectionate manner in which the people welcomed me again amongst them, and how they scolded me for not bringing John and Mrs. Williams. The eagerness with which they received the Testaments would have cheered your heart, could you have been an eye-witness of the scene. The countenance of a successful applicant glistened with delight, while he held up his treasure to public view; others hugged the book; many kissed it; some sprang away like a dart, and did not stop till they entered their own dwellings, and exhibited their treasure to their wives and children; while others jumped and capered about like persons half frantic with joy. Many came with tears in their eyes, begging and beseeching that they might have one; and if Mr. Buzacott said, 'You cannot read,' the reply was, 'But my son or my daughter can, and I can hear and understand them.' One woman came and said that

she had been doing but two things the whole of the night; the one was to cry, and the other to scold her husband, because he had nothing with which to pay for a Testament for her. You will recollect that none are given away."

A college was now established at Rarotonga, to educate pious and intelligent young men for the missionary work.

From Rarotonga the Camden sailed to Tahiti, to convey the missionaries destined to that group. The only event of interest which happened in connection with his visit there, was the seizure of the islands by the French, a deed which will long be remembered to the shame of the agents in that cruel and wicked affair. Mr. Williams visited the various islands of the group, and was every where welcomed with joy.

Thence he came to his own Raiatea, and he was rejoiced to find the evidences of gradual improvement among the people, under the judicious labours of those whom he had left. His stay here was very short, as it was his intention soon to return and remain a longer time with the people of his early love. Onward he went to Atiu, where he found the people on the verge of war, which had been excited by a wicked, runaway English sailor. His arrival,

however, was the means of preserving peace. In leaving this island he was upset in a boat, and came very near being drowned. This was the seventh time that he had been upset, but in all these dangers the Lord had mercifully preserved his life.

Again he was at Rarotonga, and the college now had eleven young men preparing to be preachers to their countrymen. Four of the Rarotongans were set apart for the missionary work in the islands that had not yet received the gospel, and a most interesting service was held with them. They were told of the dangers to which they would be exposed in landing among savages, but they said, "Content, it is the cause of God." Another said, "Look at these scars! These I got in heathen wars. I was marked out and sought for as a sacrifice; but I hid in the mountains. Often have I wondered how I escaped, but now I see it was the love of God, through Christ my Saviour; cheerfully, therefore, will I devote that life to him who has redeemed me with his blood. Had I died when I was sought after, my soul had perished."

From Rarotonga, the Camden steered for Aitutaki, where Mr. Williams shook hands

with a thousand people at the close of a public service, and had the pleasure of sitting down at a table with a clean white table-cloth, knives and forks, plates, tumblers, &c., in complete English style. Here he assisted at the Lord's Supper, when twenty-five natives were admitted to the church.

Having completed these interesting visits, which had been made to strengthen the hands of the brethren, and place new labourers in vacant fields, Mr. Williams returned to Samoa and to his family. At the Lord's Supper, celebrated soon after his return, it was extremely gratifying to see an old man, who had grown grey in the service of Satan, and who by his dexterity in using the club and the spear, had been famed as a great warrior, now holding an office in the church, and bearing in his hands the memorials of a Saviour's love."

For some time Mr. Williams resided with his family on the island of Upolu, occasionally visiting the neighbouring islands, every where preaching the word, and helping on the work of the Lord. Multitudes came from distant islands to see him, having heard of him as the great English chief who had overthrown the gods of the islanders, and many of them would

come to see him, who refused to hear him preach, as they said that all who listened to his sermons were converted! One day some of the heathen were at his house, and seeing a boy cleaning the table knives, they contrived to direct his attention for a moment while they stole four of them; and on returning in a canoe a storm came on which they thought was to drown them for stealing the knives; so they threw them overboard and hastened back to confess their sin!

On the 26th of October, Mr. Harris, an excellent man, who had visited the South Seas for his health, arrived at Upolu, and having become deeply interested in the people, he was about to return to England to offer himself as a missionary. About the same time the Exploring Expedition from the United States, arrived at Upolu, with the officers of which, especially with Com. Wilkes and Capt. Hudson, Mr. W. had much interesting intercourse.

As he was now contemplating a missionary voyage in the Camden, a general meeting of the native teachers was called, to ascertain who were willing to leave their own land for the dark islands still inhabited by savages, and thirty offered themselves at once. From these,

twelve were selected and publicly set apart for the work.

On the 3rd of November, 1839, Mr. Williams delivered his farewell address to the church at Samoa, and never did he speak with so much power to the hearts of the people. As if the Lord was preparing him for the solemn event just before him, he was led to speak of the shortness of life, the value of time, and the importance of being ready for the coming of the Son of Man. His text was as appropriate as any he could have found in the Bible, Acts xx. 36, 38, especially the clause, "And they all wept sore, and fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him; sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, *that they should see his face no more.*" The preacher and the people wept together, and, for a time, nothing but sobs and sighs could be heard throughout the great assembly. The spirit of the people was on the pastor, and although he had at other times gone abroad with hope beaming in his eye, he was now cast down, as if, indeed, he thought it was his final farewell to those so dear. Never before had his family seen him thus, and they "wondered and held their peace." In the evening some of the brethren met at the house

of their departing friend, and commended him to "the God of the sea and of the dry land;" and at midnight he embraced his beloved wife and children, and bade them a long and last farewell.

Proceeding from Fasetootai to Apia, on the following morning Mr. Williams preached on board "the Vincennes," and attended a meeting of the officers of the American expedition and the Samoan chiefs. In the evening, "while sitting in our house," writes Mr. Mills, "talking over our plans, a blind chief, who is an intelligent and good man, entered. He said, 'Teacher Williams, I am a blind man, but I have a great desire to go with you to the dark lands. Perhaps my being blind will make them pity me, and not kill me, and whilst I can talk to them, and tell them about Jesus, my boy' (placing his hand on the head of his son, an interesting youth,) 'can read and write, and so we can teach these things.' I never," adds Mr. Mills, "saw Mr. Williams more deeply affected."

On the following morning the Camden commenced her voyage, and as Mr. Williams kept a journal of the closing days of his life, their history will be supplied from his own pen.

After calling at two stations in Savaii, they bent their course to Rotuma.

"As Rotuma," writes Mr. W., "is an island very much frequented by shipping, especially whale ships, natives from almost every island within the compass of their wide range occasionally find their way thither. It having occurred to me that possibly we might succeed in finding some there, either from the Hebrides or New Caledonia, I determined to call on our way to the westward. A native also of Rotuma, named Friday, who had been some time under instruction at Samoa, was very anxious to return with teachers to his superstitious and benighted countrymen; and whether we ultimately determined to place teachers there or not, I conceived that considerable good might arise from the efforts of Friday, to produce in the minds of his countrymen a favourable disposition towards missionaries whenever they should arrive. On Tuesday morning, November 12th, at daylight, the island was in sight. The distance from Samoa is about six hundred miles, which we had run in a little better than three days.

"When we were within about five miles of the island, a canoe approached us with four

men in it; and we imagined that the natives were clad in red shirts, but coming nearer, we perceived that their bodies were smeared over with a thick coat of tumeric and oil. On coming alongside, one of their number called out in very good English, 'Back your mainyard, and give me a rope for my canoe.' Leaping on board, he inquired what ship it was, and was informed that it was a missionary ship. 'Where's the captain? where's the missionary?' he inquired. He then presented us with something tied up in a small piece of native cloth, which, upon untying, we found to contain certificates given by several masters of vesssls, stating that they had found Tokoniua exceedingly useful in procuring supplies for their vessels, and that he was a chief in whom confidence might be placed. We proceeded immediately to inquire of him whether there were any New Hebrides or Caledonia people on Rotuma; to which he replied, that many of their people had been to the former place, upon a sandal wood expedition, some years ago, and lost their lives there, but none of the inhabitants of those islands came to Rotuma. As he informed us that there were both Samoans and Tahitians on shore, we proposed to send a message for them to come off imme-

diately, as we should be able to obtain more information from them than from the broken English of our knowing little friend Tokoniua. Captain Morgan suggested that I should write to them, upon hearing which he exclaimed, 'Oh, they no understand English,' when the captain informed him that I should write in their own tongue, which led to an explanation of our character and objects. The letter being finished, the canoe was despatched, and the chief having requested permission to remain on board, he continued with us, and conducted the ship to a bay where she could ply on and off in comparatively smooth water. Shortly after the first canoe, a second arrived. The chief was a taller and finer man than Tokoniua, but by no means equal to those of other islands. His name is Fusipaoa. On reaching the deck, he recognized Capt. Morgan, who had visited the island some two or three years ago, in the Duke of York, and exclaimed in very good English, 'Captain Morgan, how do you do? me very glad to see you; where's Duke of York?' Captain Morgan informed him of her wreck, and of the death of a fine Rotuma lad he took away, who was unfortunately killed by the black natives on the coast of New Hol-

land, after the wreck of the Duke of York. Finding this chief of higher rank and greater importance than the first who boarded us, we stated our objects to him. Moreover, Captain Morgan reminded him of his request to him when he formerly visited their island. To this he replied that he would go on shore and consult with the king, 'and if the king say very good, oh then missionary very good; if king say missionary very good, then him be very good.' On having our objects fully explained to him, Fusipaoa left the vessel, saying that he would send a messenger over to the other side of the island immediately, to ascertain the sentiments of the principal chief upon the subject of placing native missionaries upon Rotuma. The cool reserve manifested by this chief, and his evident disappointment when he ascertained who we were, convinced us that no ordinary efforts had been used to prejudice his mind against missionaries.

On reaching the bay in which the town of Fusipaoa is situated, we determined upon going on shore. We met, on the beach, three white men, one of whom wanted to trade for the vessel. Another said, he would do any thing we wanted by way of 'linguisting.' The third, as

soon as he ascertained who we were, walked off. From an old man named Gray, who had been upon the island some twelve years, we learned, that there were only about twenty-three run-away sailors infesting this island; that some time ago there were as many as sixty or seventy! On approaching the town, the chief Fusipaoa met us, and said, that he had sent to the San, or principal chief, who lived about four miles away, and that he expected him soon. This town or village, like all the others we visited, is built upon a sandy belt, with which it is girt nearly round. It runs generally about a quarter of a mile wide, and is raised a few feet above the sea on the one side, and the low land attached to the base of the mountains on the other. The dwellings are small and low, thatched with cocoa-nut leaves, which are far inferior in appearance to the pandanus or palm leaf of Tahiti, and the tautolo or sugar-cane leaf of Samoa. They are entirely enclosed with cocoa-nut leaf mats, while ingress and egress is obtained through two trap-doors, which are suspended from the top, and are lifted up like a hanging shutter. These, with the sides of the houses, are so low, that I could not get in by crawling, but had to

lie nearly flat down before I could effect an entrance. The rafters, and indeed the whole of the interior, corresponds with its exterior, as rough in workmanship as any thing I have seen in the whole Pacific Ocean. Thus, while there has been great intercourse with this island by European shipping for upwards of twenty years, and at times, as many as a hundred white men have been living at once on its shores, not a single trace of improvement is apparent in the houses or habits of this people.

The only thing that attracted our attention in this settlement was their burying-place. Here there was a house rather superior to the others in appearance. It was raised on a bed of sand with stone edging. Gray opened two of these trap-doors, when to our surprise we beheld, not only neat clean mats spread on the floor, and white cowrie with glittering mother-of-pearl decorating both the posts and the rafters of the house, but a writing desk, three American chairs varnished yellow, a cup and saucer, tumbler, wine glass, two framed paintings of ships, besides several handkerchiefs, and other articles of European manufacture. On inquiring respecting them, we found that a child belonging to a principal chief had been interred

there, and that these things were presented to his ghost.

"On returning into the village, we found that the king had not come, neither had the messenger returned. But the four Tahitians and two Samoans were waiting for us. The Tahitians, I was sorry to find, were living without the fear of God before their eyes, and aiding the heathen in their heathen amusements. I had some serious conversation with them, when they promised to assist the native missionaries all in their power, should I resolve upon leaving them. The Samoans were heathens, but promised to unite immediately with their countrymen in worshipping the true God. We also learned with much satisfaction, that a native of Aitutaki, in conjunction with some New Zealanders, has erected a chapel, that they kept sacred the Sabbath, and were using their efforts to induce the heathen to become worshippers of Jehovah, though their efforts hitherto had been unsuccessful. On returning towards the beach where our boat landed, we observed the instruments of death and destruction in a very contemptible position; two six-pound cannons with their carriages perched upon a small rude stone pavement, covered

over with a few cocoa-nut leaves. Upon inquiry, we learned that they had been purchased from shipping, and that there were a considerable number on the island. Finding that the king had not come, I determined to take the Tahitians on board, make them a few presents, and give them a supply of books, by which time we hoped that the chief might have either arrived or sent a message. This not being the case, and evening approaching, we determined to abandon at present our intention of placing teachers at Rotuma, and arrange with the Wesleyan committee as to which of the Societies should occupy the island. With this intention, we took leave of this cool uncivil people, and got into the boat.

"While in the act of pushing off, our little friend Tokoniua came running out of breath, and cried out, 'Back astern there.' This order having been obeyed, he stepped into the boat, and having seated himself, gave another command, 'Pull away now boys.' Not being accustomed to have the reins of government taken thus unceremoniously out of our hands, we inquired what he wanted; to which he replied, 'I want my missionary.' We informed him, that we understood that the king was not de-

sirous of having missionaries on his island, and we were therefore about to sail to islands larger and more populous than theirs, and where we hoped they would be well received. In reply he said, 'I no mind the king; he king his own town; me and my brother chief, we got town too; the king no come speak my town, I no go speak his town. Suppose king no like missionary, me like him.' I replied that we were very anxious to get away, as we had a long distance to go, and many islands to call at, and appealed to Captain Morgan. As soon as he heard me appeal to the Captain, he attacked him with a warmth and earnestness which opened the hearts of all in the boat. 'You very kind man, I know, Captain Morgan; what you say Captain? You no give me missionary? Only one night, Captain, then I get my missionary, and you go. What you say Captain? Now what you say?' It appeared that our friend Tokoniua had been to the town in which he was second in rank, and had held a consultation with his brother chief and the people, and he had hastened back to secure the missionary; for he exclaimed, 'I afraid I come, boat gone, and I no get my missionary.'

"This circumstance induced us to alter our

determination; and taking our loquacious but sensible little friend on board, we stood off for the night. The poor lad Friday cried bitterly when he found I was not intending to leave a missionary at his island. He was exceedingly anxious that we should proceed at once to his settlement, and land the teachers there; but we found, as in Samoa, that there is a victorious and a conquered party, and the vanquished are subject to insult and oppression of every kind from their imperious brethren: consequently they are not in a situation to afford protection to the persons or property of any entrusted to their care. The friends and family of poor Friday were, unfortunately, of this party, so that I did not deem it prudent to commence operations under such circumstances. During the evening, we had an opportunity of obtaining considerable information as to the language, traditions, and other particulars relative to the island of Rotuma, which I shall record elsewhere.

"Early this morning, 13th, we rounded the S. E. point of the island, in the hope of finding a smoother sea in order to facilitate our intercourse with the shore. The boat being lowered, two teachers, Leitana from Falefa, and Tau

from Sanapu, both Manono men, took an affectionate leave of their brethren, placed their bundles in the boat, and then stepped in themselves. On approaching the shore, we found a tolerably good boat entrance, but no harbour, anchorage, or shelter for a ship. The town was large, for the houses stretched for two miles at least along the beach. On being introduced to the principal chief of the town, he informed us that a message had been sent all round the island by the king, desiring that the teachers might not be allowed to remain; to which he had returned answer, that if they came he would receive them and treat them kindly, but leave their religion with themselves. They might, therefore, remain, and he would give them the house in which we were then seated as a residence, until they could get one finished for themselves. After making the chiefs and their wives some trifling presents, we prepared to take our leave, and expressed our intention to the chief to engage in prayer with our friends before we parted. This he begged we would not do in his house, for he was afraid lest the spirits should be enraged with him, and wreak their vengeance upon his children. We informed him he had nothing to fear, for the

power of Jehovah was infinitely superior to that of his Aitu or spirits, and he would protect all who put their trust in him. He replied, that he did not fear for himself, his anxieties were about his children. Perceiving his feelings upon this subject, we waived our intention, but said a few words of encouragement to our brethren, commending them to God in our hearts, and took our departure. Just as were about leaving, we heard that there was a lad from Erromanga residing at the other side of the island. This being one of the New Hebrides group, we determined, if possible, to get him, and for this purpose prevailed, by a few little presents, upon our friend Tokoniua and his brother to accompany us to the town where he was residing, which we found to be on the N. W. side of the island, not far from the place from which we started last night. Having made almost an entire circuit of the island, we landed at the town about four o'clock in the afternoon, but unfortunately did not succeed in getting sight of the lad; for as soon as our intention was known, the people, I presume, not liking to part with him, secreted him in the bush. This was certainly a great disappointment, but having made the effort 'we have done what we

could' towards the accomplishment of an object, which would apparently have facilitated our intercourse with the tribes we were about to visit. The people of this town are a little more civil than those of the first we visited. Reaching the vessel by sun-set, we steered our course with a fine breeze for the New Hebrides. Thus terminated our first intercourse with the inhabitants of Rotuma."

The state of Mr. Williams's mind, during the voyage from Rotuma to the New Hebrides, will appear in the following passages of a letter written to a friend on Saturday, November 16th, four days before that upon which he fell. After referring to the death of Makea, he proceeds:—

"Thus, my dear friend, we live in a dying world; perhaps this may not reach England before your happy spirit will quit its tenement of clay, and unite with that of my departed friend Makea, in praising and loving the Saviour, who redeemed you both by his blood. Ere long some friend will communicate to surviving relatives and connexions the information of our death. The grand concern should be to live in a constant state of preparation. This I find a difficult matter, from the demand

incessantly made upon my energies both of body and mind; but I find great comfort from the consideration that many, very many of God's people pray for me, and also that *all* is spent in the *best* of *all* causes. * * Oh! what a luxury it is to do good! What sound philosophy there is in the Bible! What a knowledge it displays of sanctified human nature, when it asserts, '*It is more blessed to give than to receive!*' * *

"I have just heard dear Captain Morgan say, that we are sixty miles off the Hebrides, so that we shall be there early to-morrow morning. This evening we are to have a special prayer-meeting. Oh! how much depends upon the efforts of to-morrow. *Will the savages receive us or not?* Perhaps at this moment, you or some other kind friend may be wrestling with God for us. I am all anxiety; but desire prudence, and faithfulness in the management of the attempt to impart the Gospel to these benighted people, and leave the event with God. I brought twelve missionaries with me; two have settled at a beautiful island called Rotuma; the ten I have are for the New Hebrides and New Caledonia. The approaching week is to me the most important of my life."

The following entries, during this and the two succeeding days, contain most probably the last records of Mr. Williams's pen.

"Saturday, November 16. As we expected to make Fatuna on the following morning, we set apart this evening for a special prayer-meeting, that God would graciously protect our persons, and open a way for the introduction of his word among the barbarous tribes we were about to visit.

"On Sabbath day, early in the morning, we were close in with the island. It appeared to be one large, high, rugged mountain, with, in many places, perpendicular cliffs reaching to the sea. No low land presented itself in any direction, so that we began to doubt whether or not the island was inhabited. On nearing the coast, however, we discovered cultivated patches on the sides of the hills, and little low huts were discerned. At length we perceived two canoes approaching us, in one of which were four men. They were tolerably well made and good looking. Their complexion is not black like that of the negro, neither brown like that of the other South Sea islanders, but of a sooty colour. Their faces were thickly smeared with a red pigment, and a long white

feather was stuck in the back of the head. The lobe of the ear was pierced and rendered large by the repeated introduction of a piece of wood, until it was sufficiently extended to receive a piece of an inch or more in diameter. Into this hole a number of tortoise-shell rings, from two to six or eight, were introduced by way of ornament. The cartilage also of the nose is pierced, and many we perceived, by being stretched too much, were broken. We could not induce any of them to leave the canoe and trust themselves on board our vessel; although we enticed them by presents of looking-glasses, scissors, fish-hooks and other trifling articles. They not being inclined to venture among us, we determined to visit them. Accordingly our boat was lowered, and they shouted for us to come on shore, saying that there were yams, taro, and other vegetables. On approaching the shore, a man sprung from his canoe into our boat, and stated that he was an ariki, or chief, and wished to go on board. At first we understood that he was a chief at Tanna, and wished us to convey him home, but this arose from our inquiries about Tanna, and they have a method of repeating almost every word you utter, if they do not understand you, and yield-

ing assent to it. We accordingly returned to the vessel, rejoicing that we had succeeded in getting such a person to accompany us. On reaching the vessel we put on him a red shirt, and fastened a piece of cloth around him, in which new and gay apparel he strutted about the decks, and shouted most lustily in admiration of himself. At length sea-sickness brought him to sit down as tamely and quietly as a helpless infant. When we spoke to him, he looked up piteously, and exclaimed,—"I'm helpless. I'm dead." We obtained considerable information from him. Towards evening he began to get very restless, and begged hard to be put on shore. We therefore stood in again with the ship, and getting into smooth water, he recovered, and we found him an intelligent, communicative man. We endeavoured to explain to him the object of our visit, and asked him if he would like to have any person placed on his island. To which he replied, that they would give him yams, taro and sugar-cane. On preparing to return, we gave him a looking-glass, a knife, some fish-hooks and other articles. The glass delighted him exceedingly. As soon as he caught a glimpse of his own countenance, he danced

with surprise, and shouted a song very similar to that of sailors when heaving anchor or hauling a rope. On reaching the shore, we were entirely surrounded with natives, who behaved with great civility towards us, and appeared entirely without arms. They chattered away at a great rate to our friend, who was decorated in the red shirt, and who, in return, spoke highly to them of the kindness his wealthy friends had shown him; and among other trifles he took up a little pig we had given him, and exhibited it to public view. Being about to take our leave, we renewed our efforts to induce some persons to accompany us on board, but without success. Although we were not rich enough in teachers to spare two for this island, it will be occupied as soon as possible, and indeed we gave them to understand that we should visit them again shortly; and the result of this day's labour is such, as to induce the conviction that such a friendly feeling has been excited as will enable us to settle teachers as soon as we can possibly spare them. In sailing round the island, we observed everywhere traces of inhabitants, but from the nature of the country they must be located in small numbers, and the aggregate cannot be large. On the N. W. side a most

romantic cliff presented itself, exhibiting an appearance similar to a tasselated Roman pavement, but in segments of a foot or more square. We spent the evening of this memorable Sabbath in thanking God and taking courage. As on the following morning we expected to make Tanna, and settle some teachers, we made it a matter of special prayer.

"Monday morning, 18th. This is a memorable day, a day which will be transmitted to posterity, and the record of the events which have this day transpired, will exist after those who have taken an active part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion, and the results of this day will be———."

This is the closing entry, by his own hand, on the pages of Mr. Williams's journal, and these words were most probably the last which he ever penned. The history of this unfinished sentence cannot now be recovered. The strong emotion which this entry indicates, will awaken little surprise when all the circumstances of the case are considered. With what intense interest, bordering upon painful anxiety, Mr. Williams anticipated this visit, has already appeared; and when approaching the group, and but two days prior to that upon which the mys-

terious sentences were written, he thus expressed his state of mind;—"Oh! how much depends upon to-morrow! The approaching week is to me the most important of my life." Nor were these feelings unreasonable. This enterprise had in it more the character of an experiment than most of his previous efforts to introduce the Gospel, and its probable issue was far more doubtful. The people with whom he was now about to open intercourse, were distinct in character, language and habits from those amongst whom he had previously laboured, and he had long been impressed with the belief that they were excessively savage and sanguinary. These considerations naturally awakened more than ordinary solicitude. But although not free from apprehension, he was filled with the hope of shortly realizing the visions, and accomplishing the desires, of many previous years. He was, moreover, deeply impressed by the conviction that the New Hebrides were the key to New Caledonia, New Britain, New Guinea, and other extensive islands inhabited by the Papuan race, and that while success here would almost certainly and speedily secure the evangelization of the whole of Western Polynesia, failure in this first essay

would greatly retard, if not frustrate, the accomplishment of his grand design.

But although the words now cited were the last *written* by Mr. Williams, there is another journal of the same voyage, in which the hand of another has recorded the events of that and the following day, apparently at his dictation. This document will enable us to follow the steps of the devoted Missionary down to the period when he closed his noble career. Under date of "Monday, November 18th," this entry was made :—

"Early this morning we found ourselves just on the eastern side of the island of Tanna, and stood off and on Port Resolution. After breakfast we went ashore in the boat to examine the harbour, and to see the people. We were highly gratified with the friendly and peaceable disposition of the natives, being exceedingly anxious to barter with us. We had the three native teachers appointed for this island put ashore, and introduced to the chiefs of this place, Lalolago, Salamea, and Mose. We could not explain to them our object more than by telling them that these teachers were 'chiefs of God,' and that we wished they should live with them. The chiefs appeared

highly delighted at this, and one of them said he would bring yams, cocoa-nuts and pigs, to the person who was to live with him. We then received a present from the chiefs of a pig, some yams, bananas and cocoa-nuts, and went on board with one of the chiefs and two of his people, to whom we made presents of some trifling articles. While ashore, we had a ramble among the plantations, and nothing we have seen in any of the other islands exceeds the skill and attention they manifest in their cultivation. We were also conducted to what they called a marae, where there was a large banian tree; they told us it was 'tapu' (sacred) to the god. Among the fruits they brought to us, are the rose-apple and a species of fig. When our boat was ashore the last time to-day, other tribes of strange natives had arrived in great numbers in the bay, from other parts, being armed with spears, bludgeons, bows and arrows, and seemed exceedingly outrageous to obtain fish-hooks and other articles that they saw we had distributed to the other party in the bay. Finding that we did not distribute anything among them, they seemed to be infuriated, and about a hundred of them surrounded the boat, and

made an attempt to detain her. After a short time, however, and by talking to them, they became quiet, and the chief with whom we had made friends began to address them, and presently a consultation was held among the party who had hold of the boat, till at length they let her go, and the party dispersed. We then managed to push off, and come on board. As the teachers intimated their wish to remain one night on shore before their property was landed, so that they might have an opportunity of being with the natives, to see how they behaved before we finally left them, we intend to remain here another night, and to land their property to-morrow. By our last boat, we have brought off two natives, who will be with us during the night.

"November 19th, Tuesday. Early this morning we went ashore, taking with us the two natives who had been with us all night. On our arrival off the beach, we waited some time inquiring for the native teachers whom we had left ashore last night. In the meantime, some little disorder and confusion took place among the people on the beach, but at length the greatest quietness prevailed, all of them grouping together according to their respective tribes, and each party having brought

a quantity of yams, bananas, and cocoa-nuts, expecting to receive in return from us articles of barter. The teachers then made their appearance, and gave us a most favourable account of their reception by the people. We then proposed for the teachers to go off with us to the ship to bring ashore their luggage, and then finally remain among them; here they expressed the utmost anxiety, supposing that we might take them away altogether; but, having two other teachers on board of our boat, we told them, that in order to ensure our return, we would put them ashore as hostages, and also allow the vegetables the people had brought, to remain on the beach. They then expressed themselves pleased at our proposal, and we hastened with the teachers to the ship. After breakfast, the native teachers having got their luggage together, we all again entered the boat, and went ashore. We found the people waiting in the most orderly manner on our return. We then went among the different parties of them, all sitting down in groups on the beach, and diffused the greatest pleasure and good-will among them all by receiving from them the vegetables, etc., and they obtaining in return small presents of calicoes, scissors and fish-hooks. The

goods of the native teachers were landed at the same time, and very promptly taken to the huts of the chief, the word 'tapu' being repeated among them as the things were passed. At length we took leave of them. They followed us as far as they could, along the beach and to the extremity of the point among the rocks, and their last words to us were, 'One, two, three moons, and you will come back.' Thus terminated one of the most interesting visits we have ever yet been privileged to make to the heathen in their barbarous and savage state, when called to take to them the word of life; and none, perhaps, manifested a more peaceable and friendly demeanor to strangers, such as we were, among them. Others, indeed, had had intercourse with them, but they met them under arms, which showed their want of confidence in the people, and, to say the least, they met them as enemies, and in many instances, at this very spot were engaged in actual conflict.

"About one o'clock we set sail, and stood to the northward, for the island of *Erromanga*, and got to its southern side sufficiently early in the evening to run along the coast for the distance of some miles to the westward, till, at its

becoming dark, and being unable to distinguish the creeks and bays in the land, we put the vessel about to lay-to, during the night."

These extracts have conducted us to the morning of the dark and dreadful day when the course of this apostolic man on earth was closed. The state of mind in which he approached the fatal hour, although not free from a gloomy tinge, was much more cheerful than it had been, prior to his arrival at this group. The success at Fatuna and Tanna had dissipated his fears, and fulfilled his warmest desires. He now appeared to feel a strong confidence of ultimate and complete success; for the grand object for which he had planned and prayed and pleaded so long, seemed almost within his grasp, and he spoke to those who sailed with him, as though the New Hebrides were already added to the other groups, whose conversion to Christianity he had been honoured to commence. On the evening before he fell, as the Camden was gliding along the shores of Erromanga, and Mr. Williams was leaning over her side, conversing with Mr. Cunningham in glowing terms about the events of the day, he told that gentleman that as Samoa was now so well supplied, and the New He-

brides presented so fine a missionary field, he had almost determined to bring his family and reside there. But, cheered as he was by previous success, other feelings sobered, and at times saddened, his sanguine mind. On the morning of the dreadful 20th, he told the same friend with whom he had conversed in such cheerful tones on the preceding evening, that he had passed a sleepless night, from the consideration of the magnitude and importance of the work before him; that he was much oppressed by its weight, and feared that he might have undertaken more than he would be able to fulfil; that so extensive were the islands he had engaged to survey, that many years of anxious toil would be requisite ere he could realize his own designs, or meet the expectations of his friends at home. Shortly after this conversation, he entered the boat, and landed upon the strand, upon which he was so soon to sink beneath the assassin's club, and pour out his blood in his divine Master's service. But the dark details of that hour, so sorrowful to survivors, but so glorious for him, will be best described by Captain Morgan and Mr. Cunningham, who stood with him, and saw him fall upon that savage shore.

"Rev. W. Ellis.

"Dear Sir,—I have to communicate to you the painful intelligence of the death of your beloved brother and faithful missionary, the Rev. John Williams, who was massacred at the island of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides, on the 20th of November, 1839, and of Mr. James Harris, a gentleman who was on his way to England, with a view of becoming a missionary to the Marquesas. The event happened the day after we left the island of Tanna. There the natives received us most kindly, and Mr. Williams remarked, he had never been received more kindly by any natives among whom he had been; his spirits were elated to find such a door of entrance opened. In the afternoon we left there three teachers and a son of one of them.

"We proceeded to Erromanga, and hove to on the south side all night. At day-light we ran down the south side in hope of landing more teachers. The island appeared thinly inhabited; we saw now and then a native or two at a distance. On reaching Dillon's Bay, we saw a canoe paddling along shore with three men in her, and by Mr. Williams's desire we lowered down the whale boat, and took in Mr.

Williams, Mr. Harris, Mr. Cunningham, myself, and four hands; we spoke to the men in the canoe, and found them to be a far different race of people to those at Tanna, their complexion darker, and their stature shorter; they were wild in their appearance, and extremely shy. They spoke a different language from that of the Windward Islands, so that Mr. Williams could not understand a word they said. He made them some presents, and tried to persuade them to come into our boat. He did not succeed, so we left them, hoping, as Mr. Williams remarked, with favourable impressions towards us. We pulled up the bay, and some of the natives on shore ran along the rocks after the boat. On reaching the head of the bay, we saw several natives standing at a distance; we made signs to them to come towards us, but they made signs for us to go away. We threw them some beads on shore, which they eagerly picked up, and came a little closer, and received from us some fish-hooks, and beads, and a small looking-glass. On coming to a beautiful valley between the mountains, having a small run of water, we wished to ascertain if it was fresh, and we gave the chief a boat-bucket to fetch us some, and in about

half an hour he returned running with the water, which, I think, gave Mr. Williams and myself more confidence in the natives. They ran and brought us some cocoa-nuts, but were still extremely shy. Mr. Williams drank of the water the native brought, and I held his hat to screen him from the sun. He seemed pleased with the natives, and attributed their shyness to the ill-treatment they must have received from foreigners visiting the island on some former occasion. Mr. Cunningham asked him if he thought of going on shore. I think he said he should not have the slightest fear, and then remarked to me, 'Captain, you know we like to take possession of the land, and if we can only leave good impressions on the minds of the natives, we can come again and leave teachers; we must be content to do a little; you know Babel was not built in a day.' He did not intend to leave a teacher this time. Mr. Harris asked him if he might go on shore, or if he had any objection; he said, 'No, not any.' Mr. Harris then waded on shore; as soon as he landed the natives ran from him, but Mr. Williams told him to sit down; he did so, and the natives came close to him and brought him

some cocoa-nuts, and opened them for him to drink.

"Mr. Williams remarked, he saw a number of native boys playing, and thought it a good sign, as implying that the natives had no bad intentions: I said, I thought so too, but I would rather see some women also; because when the natives resolve on mischief they send the women out of the way; there were no women on the beach. At last he got up, went forward in the boat, and landed. He presented his hand to the natives, which they were unwilling to take; he then called to me to hand some cloth out of the boat, and he sat down and divided it among them, endeavouring to win their confidence. All three walked up the beach, Mr. Harris first; Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham followed. After they had walked about a hundred yards, they turned to the right, alongside of the bush, and I lost sight of them. Mr. Harris was the farthest off. I then went on shore, supposing we had found favour in the eyes of the people. I stopped to see the boat anchored safely, and then walked up the beach towards the spot where the others had proceeded; but before I had gone a hundred yards, the boat's crew called out to me to run to the boat.

I looked round, and saw Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham running; Mr. Cunningham towards the boat, and Mr. Williams straight for the sea, with one native close behind him. I got into the boat, and by this time two natives were close behind me, though I did not see them at the moment. By this time Mr. Williams had got to the water, but, the beach being stony and steep, he fell backward, and the native struck him with a club, and often repeated the blow; a short time after, another native came up and struck him, and very soon another came up and pierced several arrows into his body.

"My heart was deeply wounded. As soon as I got into the boat I headed the boat towards Mr. Williams, in hopes of rendering him some assistance, but the natives shot an arrow at us, which went under the arm of one of our seamen, through the lining of the boat into a timber, and there stuck fast. They also hove stones at the same time. The boat's crew called out to me to lay the boat off; I did so, and we got clear of the arrows. I thought I might be able to get the body, for it lay on the beach a long time. At last I pulled alongside the brig, and made all sail, perceiving with the

glass that the natives had left the body on the beach. I also ordered a gun to be fired, loaded with powder only, thinking to frighten the natives, so that I might get the body; the natives, however, made their appearance, and dragged the body out of sight.

"Yours, &c.,

(Signed) "ROBERT C. MORGAN."

To these some other particulars of the tragic scene are added by Mr. Cunningham. After describing their landing, he writes:—

"Mr. W. called for a few pieces of print, which he divided in small pieces to throw around him. Mr. Harris said he wished to have a stroll inland, which was not objected to, and he walked on, followed by a party of the natives. Mr. W. and I followed, directing our course up the side of the brook. The looks and manners of the savages I much distrusted, and remarked to Mr. Williams that probably we had to dread the revenge of the natives in consequence of their former quarrel with strangers, wherein perhaps some of their friends had been killed. Mr. W., I think, did not return me an answer, being engaged at the instant repeating the Samoan numerals to a crowd of boys, one of

whom was repeating them after him. I was also trying to get the names of a few things around us, and walked onward. Finding a few shells lying on the bank, I picked them up. On noticing they were of a species unknown to me, I was in the act of putting them into my pocket, when I heard a yell, and instantly Mr. Harris rushed out of the bushes about twenty yards before me. I instantly perceived it was run or die. I shouted to Mr. Williams to run, (he being as far behind me as Mr. Harris was in advance) and I sprung forward through the natives that were on the banks of the brook, who all gave way. I looked round, and saw Mr. Harris fall in the brook, and the water dash over him, a number of savages beating him with clubs. Mr. Williams did not run at the instant I called to him, till we heard a shell blow; it was an instant, but too much to lose. I again called to Mr. W. to run, and sprang forward for the boat, which was out of sight; it was round a point of bush.

"Mr. Williams, instead of making for the boat, ran directly down the beach into the water, and a savage after him. It seemed to me that Mr. Williams's intention was to swim

off till the boat picked him up. At the instant I caught sight of the boat, I heard a yell behind me, and, looking round, found a savage close after me, with a club. I stooped, and picking up a stone, struck him so as to stop his further pursuit. The men in the boat had, on seeing Mr. Williams and me running, given the alarm to Captain Morgan, who was on the beach at the time. He and I jumped into the boat at the same instant; several stones were thrown at the boat. Mr. Williams ran into deep water, and the savage close after him. On entering the water he fell forward, but did not attempt to swim, when he received several blows from the club of the native on the arms and over the head. He twice dashed his head under water to avoid the club, with which the savage stood over him ready to strike the instant he arose. I threw two stones from the boat, which for a moment averted the progress of the other native, who was a few paces behind; but it was only for an instant. The two rushed on our friend and beat his head, and soon several others joined them. I saw a whole handful of arrows stuck into his body. Though every exertion was used to get up the boat to his assistance, and though only about

eighty yards distant, before we got half the distance, our friend was dead, and about a dozen savages were dragging the body on the beach, beating it in the most furious manner. A crowd of boys surrounded the body as it lay in the ripple of the beach, and beat it with stones, till the waves dashed red on the shore with the blood of their victim. Alas! that moment of sorrow and agony—I almost shrieked in distress. Several arrows were shot at us, and one, passing under the arm of one of the men, passed through the lining and entered the timber. This alarmed the men, who remonstrated, as, having no fire-arms to frighten the savages away, it would be madness to approach them, as Mr. Williams was now dead; to this Captain Morgan reluctantly assented, and pulled off out of reach of the arrows, where we lay for an instant to consider what we should do, when it was proposed that we should, if possible, bring up the brig, now about two miles distant, and, under cover of two guns which she carried, to land, and, if possible, to obtain the bodies, which the natives had left on the beach, having stripped off the clothes. We hastened on board and beat up for the fatal spot; we could still perceive the white body

lying on the beach, and the natives had all left it, which gave us hope of being able to rescue the remains of our friends from the ferocious cannibals. Our two guns were loaded, and one fired, in hopes that the savages might be alarmed and fly to a distance; several were still seen on a distant part of the beach. Shot we had none, but the sailors collected pieces of iron, &c., to use if necessary. Our hopes were soon destroyed, for a crowd of natives ran down the beach and carried away the body, when we were within a mile of the spot. In grief we turned our backs and stood from the fatal shores. We had all lost a friend, and one we loved, for the love he bore to all, and the sincerity with which he conveyed the tidings of peace to the benighted heathen, by whose cruel hands he had now fallen."

To these harrowing details nothing need be added but a brief statement by one who remained on board the Camden, while these deeds of blood were transacted on the shore.

"After the boat had left us, the ship got a fine breeze out of the bay, and we stood to sea to work up to windward, so as to be as near as possible when the boat should have occasion to come on board again. But while we on

board were quietly enjoying the beautiful scenery of the shore, and the romantic appearance of the various peaked mountains in the the distance, our brethren in the boat had landed on a bourne from which they were never again to return. As the boat approached us, and came within hail, we foreboded that something had happened; but our imaginations had not formed the most distant idea of the tragical scene which was about to be disclosed. As the boat was coming alongside, the orders for getting a tow-line in readiness, and for 'all hands to stand by and make sail,' produced the most horrifying sensations in our minds, and intense anxiety as to what had really happened. Messrs. Williams and Harris were not to be seen, and their seats were vacant. Our first impression was they might have remained ashore, and had sent off the boat for the teachers, as they had done at Tanna. When our boat was alongside, in the fulness of our anxiety, we all hastened to hear the intelligence. We heard the captain exclaim, 'We have lost Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris.' A moment's suspense led us to imagine that the natives had detained them till a ransom should be taken for them, but how were our feelings harrowed

up, when the captain added, 'They are dead! The natives have killed them!' Language cannot describe what our feelings were at this dreadful moment. The most intense grief took possession of our hearts. We looked vacantly on the shore, but oh! how gloomy! As soon as Captain Morgan came on board, we made all possible sail in the ship, and exerted our utmost endeavours to work her to windward. After our efforts had proved unsuccessful, we were obliged most reluctantly to let our ship go off, and direct our course immediately for New South Wales, without calling at New Caledonia according to our original intention."

These affecting accounts may be fitly closed with a passage from the Journal of Captain Morgan, written in his own artless style. "Thus died a great and a good man, like a soldier standing to his post: a heavy loss to his beloved wife and three children. He was a faithful and successful labourer among the islands of these seas. May I ever remember the kindness with which he always spoke to me; always studying ever to please me and all around. I have lost a father, a brother, and a valuable friend and adviser."

"And what shall we say to these things?"

When first the astounding intelligence, so opposed to their fondest hopes and sanguine calculations, burst upon the friends of Christ in England, consternation and grief unfitted them for calm contemplation; and in such a state of mind it was natural to take refuge beneath the shadow of the Divine throne. "How mysterious!" was the general exclamation, and few were disposed to venture more than to echo these words. But when after a season they surveyed the painful providence through a clearer medium, they saw that the mystery was merely in appearance; that the darkness which obscured the sad scene on the shore of Erromanga, was occasioned by "excess of light." And while we would not attempt to penetrate the counsels of "the only wise God," or presume to divine what foreseen consequences might have induced him who had so long preserved, and so often delivered his servant, now to say, "Go thou thy way till the end be,"—enough may be discerned in the present and the past, without prying curiosity or bold conjecture concerning the future, to warrant us in viewing this tragic termination of a career so bright, not simply with silent submission, but with intelligent and even approv-

ing acquiescence. If life should be estimated rather by its usefulness that its years, and death by its tendency to confirm and increase that usefulness, what a life and death were his! For more than a quarter of a century, he had consecrated himself to the service of the Saviour; and whether we consider what he had been or what he had done during that period, we shall discover ample reason rather to rejoice that he was continued so long, than that he was cut off so soon. If a stainless Christian reputation, a public career marked by growing splendour to life's latest hour, singular success and triumphs amidst thickest dangers and in the noblest of all causes, days lengthened until he had auspiciously commenced his last and greatest scheme of benevolence, and opened the door of faith to Western Polynesia, and a termination to a course so honoured, which, while it raised his spirit to the society of those who had died for the testimony of Jesus, invested his history with an interest, his name with a sanctity, and his example with a force scarcely derivable from any other cause,—if these considerations possess any power, they concur to reconcile our minds to the martyrdom of Williams. "Who can recall that name, and not

be impressed with a sentiment of unearthly greatness? How can it be suffered to pass away without discriminating praise? * * How does the wave of Erromanga henceforth seem to redden with his blood, and to murmur with his name; and its corals to pile up their monument to the enterprise of his mission and the oblation of his death."

On the 30th of November, the Camden reached Sydney, where the intelligence caused the deepest distress to the large circle whose friendship and admiration Mr. Williams had secured, during his previous visit. As soon as practicable, the Committee of the Missionary Auxiliary met, and conveyed to the governor a request, that a ship of war might be despatched to recover the remains of the martyred Missionary, and convey the tidings of his death to Samoa. After wisely satisfying himself that no revengeful purpose had prompted it, Sir G. Gipps readily complied with this request; and on the 1st of February, the British ship "Favourite," Captain Croker, whom Mr. Cunningham had consented to accompany, sailed for the New Hebrides, and on the 26th instant reached Tanna. Here, the first question asked by the natives, was, "Where is Williamu?"

and when the sad truth was told, they hung upon Mr. Cunningham's hand, and wept like children. They had merely heard that one of the Camden's party had been massacred at Erromanga. On the following morning, they reached the scene of the dreadful tragedy, and Captain Croker, his second lieutenant, Mr. Cunningham, and others put off for the shore; but as they approached it, they heard the reverberations of the war shout, and saw the savages flying in all directions. At length, however, communications were opened, and the wretched creatures confessed that they had devoured the bodies, of which nothing remained but some of the bones. These, including the skulls, were, after hours of delay, brought to the boat; and having satisfied himself that he now possessed all the mutilated relics of the murdered missionaries which could be obtained, Captain Croker hastened from these dreadful shores.

On the 24th of March, the Favourite arrived at Samoa. "The first canoe that reached us," writes an eye-witness, "was guided by a middle-aged man, who, as soon as we were within hail, called out to our native teachers, inquiring for 'Missi William;' and those who wit-

nessed it will not forget the stunning and agonizing effect which the news of his death produced. The man seemed at once unhinged; he dropped his paddle, and bowed his head and wept. We did not understand his words, but his gestures could not be misinterpreted. He accompanied us for some time, making various inquiries; but no smile lightened his expressive countenance, and ever and anon he burst out into fresh cries and tears."

It was at the dead hour of night that Mrs. Williams was awakened by the messenger who bore these heavy tidings; but who could depict that scene, or describe her sorrows? Great as was her fortitude, this astounding stroke for a season paralyzed and prostrated her powers of thought and utterance. Her's was anguish too deep for tears. But grief was not confined to this solitary house of mourning. Had the death-scene in Egypt been that night repeated in Samoa, lamentations more bitter, or cries more piercing, could scarcely have attended it, than those which this intelligence awakened. In a short time, every sleeping native had been aroused, and through the morning twilight they were

seen grouped together in solemn and sorrowful communication, while everywhere might be heard the sounds of distress. Early on the following day, the report brought to the spot chiefs, teachers, and multitudes of natives, who gathered around the house of their departed friend, uttering the pathetic cries, "*Aue Williamu, Aue Tama*," "Alas Williams! alas, our father!" Even the heathen were drawn to the place, and joined in these lamentations. All were anxious to see Mrs. Williams, and to administer consolation; but this for many hours she was unable to bear. At length, towards the evening, she yielded to the great importunity of Malietoa, who had hastened from his own settlement, and allowed him to be admitted; and, as soon as he entered the room, he burst forth into the most passionate expressions of distress, weeping, beating his breast, and crying, "Alas Williamu, Williamu, our father, our father! He has turned his face from us! We shall never see him more! He that brought us the good word of salvation is gone! Oh! cruel heathen! they know not what they did! How great a man they have destroyed!" After indulging for some time in

these and similar exclamations, he turned to Mrs. Williams, who was lying upon a sofa, and kneeling by her side, he gently took her hand, and, while the tears were flowing fast down his cheeks, he said in the softest and most soothing tones, "Oh! my mother! do not grieve so much! do not kill yourself with grieving. You too will die with sorrow, and be taken away from us, and then oh! what shall we do? Think of John, and of your very little boy who is with you, and think of that other little one in a far distant land, and do not kill yourself. Do love, and pity, and compassionate us."

For many succeeding days, Mrs. Williams was called to pass through such scenes as these. So many came to weep over her, and their grief was so sincere, that, heavily as their tears and cries fell upon her heart, she could not deny their request; and God sustained her. But deep sorrow was not confined to that settlement. Throughout the islands, the dreadful news produced the most painful impression, and on the succeeding Sabbath, when the brethren referred to it in their sermons, the scenes witnessed by them were peculiarly af-

fecting. One of these must serve as a specimen of many.

"When the intelligence reached us," writes Mr. Murray, "the degree of interest and feeling manifested by the natives was most surprising. It was on a Saturday; I was at Leone, but hastened home as soon as the mournful tidings arrived. I reached home in time for the afternoon service on the Sabbath, and preached from Acts vii. 59, "*And they stoned Stephen*," &c. From the commencement of the service, deep feeling appeared; but towards the close, when I spoke of Mr. W. as having been the first to make known among them the name of Jesus, their feelings became quite ungovernable, and there was a general burst, not like the manifestations of feeling which appear amongst the natives in their heathen state, but a comparatively sober, and evidently sincere expression of emotions too big, too powerful to admit of restraint. I trust also, that the effects produced by the sad tidings, did not pass away with a temporary expression of feeling. Of this, however, I cannot speak with certainty. Like many other things connected with the life and labours of our esteemed friend,

their influence and effects will only be fully seen at the day of the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Every possible expression of sympathy was conveyed by the devoted labourers at Samoa to the widow and family of their honoured brother, and at the funeral, the greatest respect was shown to his memory. By Mrs. Williams's desire, his remains were interred at Apia, near the chapel. On this mournful occasion, all the missionaries, and an immense concourse of sorrowing natives, followed the coffin; and Captain Croker, with the officers, seamen, and marines of the Favourite, preceded it to the place of burial. On the occasion, Mr. Hardie preached in English, and Mr. Heath in Samoan, and by the wish of Captain Croker, the marines fired thrice over the grave of the Christian hero, and an humble monument was erected upon the spot, with this inscription, written by Captain C.—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Williams, Father of the Samoan and other Missions, aged 43 years and 5 months, who was killed by the cruel natives of Erromanga, on Nov. 20th, 1839, while endeavouring to plant the Gospel of Peace on their shores."

But severe as was the grief at Samoa, it was not more so than at Rarotonga, to which island the sad intelligence was conveyed on the 15th of May, by "the Sulphur" sloop of war.

"The shock," writes Mr. Buzacott, "was great to us all; the lamentation here was indeed universal. The natives flocked to our house to inquire into the truth of the report, and felt as if bereft of a near and dear friend. The usual habiliments of mourning were worn by the people, and although those have now, (August 13, 1841,) been laid aside, he still lives in their hearts by many a grateful recollection. Were I to attempt to describe our own feelings, I should dip my pen in gall, and write in the bitterness of my spirit. '*Alas my brother! By whom shall Jacob now arise? Howl fir trees, for the cedar is fallen.*' But amidst the tumult of our grief, we hear our Father's voice saying unto us, '*Be still and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen.*' "

"I was at the time," adds Mr. Pitman, "visiting my poor sick and dying people, when a note arrived from brother Buzacott, giving us the painfully distressing intelligence. A

little girl came running breathless into the sick apartment, and said, 'Teacher! Williamu is killed.' I was astounded, thunder-struck, and ran home to gain particulars. Alas! the report was true. Our house was soon thronged, and the news ran like lightning through the settlement. Our chief could not speak, but sat for a long time like a statue. Iro, native teacher from our out-station, came down at night, faithless in the report. The church members and others came to *shake hands*, (a token of their sympathy with us in our grief.) Men, women, and children crowded our doors to know if it were really so. * * The next day, Sabbath, I endeavoured to improve the event from 2 Sam. iii. 38, '*Know ye not that a great man has fallen this day in Israel?*' As soon as the text was announced, an unusual solemnity prevailed in the assembly. Every eye was fixed. As I proceeded in showing his tender compassion towards the heathen, his labours, &c., the greatest stillness was observed, and when I came to relate his death, the people seemed scarcely to breathe. Many wept much, and left the house of God apparently in deep thought. Maretu, my native assistant, who

has been labouring for some time at Mangaia, informed me that the news produced similar effects there. In a letter received from our brother Royle, dated Aitutaki, April 29, 1840, he says, 'A vessel is now off our island, which has brought the report that our dear and honoured friend Mr. Williams has been murdered. I do most sincerely hope that it may not be true. It has, however, awakened very mournful feelings in our hearts, and thrown the islanders into the greatest consternation, for I believe they are truly attached to him. Oh, how anxiously do we desire to receive some speedy intelligence, to assure us that it is only report, and relieve our oppressed spirits.'

"For a long time the death of Mr. Williams was almost the only topic of conversation among our people. If I met a person in the road, or entered the houses of the sick, or received them when they came to our dwelling of an evening for religious conversation, almost the first words were, '*Aue Williamu*!' 'Alas! Williams.' A few days after the news reached us, I went my usual rounds to see my sick people, and the following is recorded in my journal:—'Saturday, March 23, 1840. In

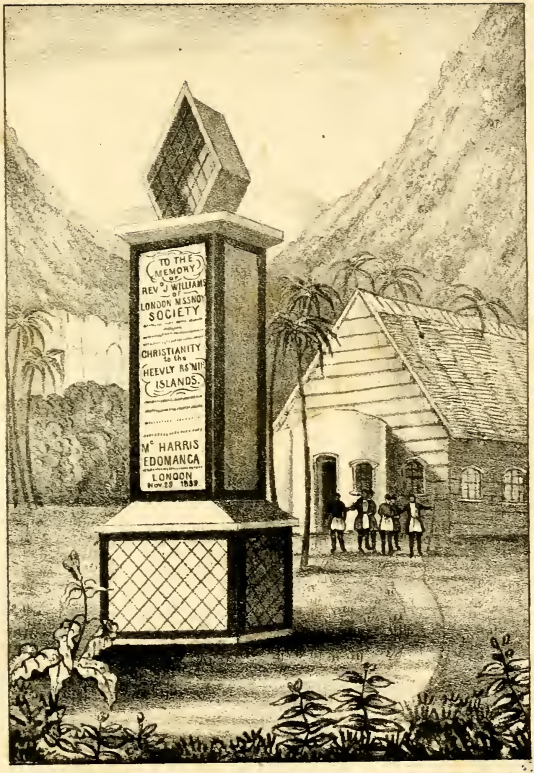
my visits to-day I met the son and daughter of Pureiau, one of the natives taken down by brother Williams from this station, as a teacher to the New Hebrides. They were anxious to know if their father also had been killed. Not having received particulars, I could not give them the wished-for information. 'We are not,' said the daughter, 'over anxious about the event, as our father told us in taking leave not to be cast down, nor to allow of immoderate grief, should we hear the news of his being slain by the heathen, 'for I am willing,' said he, 'to die in such a cause, if God calls me to such an end. You know I was an *ivi*, (one marked as a sacrifice,) and sought for in this district just before God visited this island with the Gospel of peace. Had not Jesus shown mercy to me, I should have perished. Willingly, therefore, do I go forth to this work of my Saviour. If I die by the hand of the heathen, it is because God permits it; if I live, I purpose to do what I can to lead their souls to Jesus.' Looking at the sick man, I said, 'Did you not think that Pureiau was slain?' 'Let that alone, he replied, 'had he been killed would that have been a matter of grief? Would he not have

died in the work of God?' These were sentiments and feelings which called forth gratitude to God from my very soul?' "

Similar illustrations of the prevalent feelings of the pious Rarotongans are contained in other communications from Mr. Gill, "at whose suggestion," writes Mr. Buzacott, "a monument was erected to his memory at Arorangi, built of stone, and plastered with lime, having a suitable inscription both in English and in Rarotongan. Another has been erected at this place, (Avarua,) sawn out of solid coral, a drawing of which I send you." The following is the inscription upon that at Arorangi:— "To the memory of the Rev. John Williams, of the London Missionary Society, who having laboured upwards of fourteen years at Raiatea, was made the honoured instrument of introducing Christianity to the Hervey and Samoan Islands. In attempting to convey the Gospel to the New Hebrides, he fell a sacrifice, with his friend Mr. Harris, on the island of Erromanga, to the cruelty of the deluded heathen inhabitants, November 20, 1839." The opposite faces of the monument at Avarua bear a similar inscription in English and Rarotongan.

MONUMENT.

AT AVARUA.


TO THE
MEMORY
OF
REV.D W. WILLIAMS
OF
LONDON M.S.SOCIETY
WHO
CHRISTIANITY
WAS THE
MEEVLY RE.NI.
ISLANDS.
M.R HARRIS
EDOMANCA
LONDON
NOV.R 20 1839

AT ARORANGI.

After the news of his death reached England, a funeral service was held on the evening of the 20th of May, at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, when a sermon was preached before the bereaved relatives and Society, from Matt. xxiii. 34, by the Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham: the same honoured minister who, twenty-six years before, from the same pulpit, delivered that discourse on the value of the soul, which pierced the heart, and determined the character of the MARTYRED MISSIONARY.

We have now completed the history of this remarkable man, and in taking leave of the subject, we are led to ask the youthful reader of this memoir if there is not in it much for him to admire and imitate. Probably many who read this volume are as well qualified, by nature, and may be by education, as JOHN WILLIAMS was to be a missionary to the heathen. He was an apprentice in a blacksmith's shop till he was nearly twenty-one years of age, and he was only *forty-three* when he fell by the hands of the savages. What a beginning! What a bright career of usefulness! What a noble death to die!

Are there not in the Sunday-schools of our

land thousands of youth who will follow this example, and, like the MARTYR MISSIONARY, give themselves in their youth to the Lord; go forth to the heathen to carry the glad news of salvation to a dying world, and thus obtain the rich reward of those who turn many to righteousness, and who shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

THE END.

DATE DUE

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Prout, Ebenezer.
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